THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. I. JUNE 1, 1816. No. VI.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

In our next we shall gratify our readers with a Biographical Memoir *of his* Serene Highness Prince LEOPOLD of SAXE CORURG-SAALFELD.

We will endeavour to satisfy X. Y. Z. *in our next.*

Various poetical and other communications, which the pressure of temporary matter has obliged us to defer, or which reached us too late for this month, shall have place as early as possible.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months

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THE SECOND SERIES.

Vol. I. June 1, 1816. No. VI.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 31.—A DAIRY.

When the fashionable amusements of the town are relinquished for those of the country, there are few so interesting to the female mind as the dairy. Perhaps the poets have given a sentiment to all that belongs to pastoral life, or in its own nature the means of supplying pleasurable ideas may have a real existence: indeed it is probable, that nature and the poet may have combined to give a relish for an amusement that is equally engaging and healthful, and taste has not failed to add its influence in favour of this subject; for there are few residences, whose possessors have been acknowledged to lead in the walks of polished fancy or pictorial beauty, where the dairy has not formed an agreeable feature in the order of its rural offices.

The design is of a rustic character, suited to the purpose for which it is intended, yet not so simple in its form as to be mistaken for a cottage; its entrance is more elevated and more embellished, and the windows of a superior description. The eaves of the roof appearing to be low, the lofty interior has a proportionably increased effect, as nearly the whole height of the roof is occupied by the dome, into which the octagon plan resolves itself, after forming four spacious niches, which it obtains from the square basement of the walls. The glass door opposite to the entrance communicates with a passage, in which flowers of peculiar beauty and fragrance may be preserved; and terminates with the servants' room, used for the cleansing of the vessels, churning, and other business of this department of rural economy.

The folding door of entrance to the dairy would be of glass, the pavement of marble, and the tables for the vessels are designed to be composed of the verd antique Mòna marble, supported by therms of the same material, surmounted by China vases; the dado and pilasters to correspond, finishing the walls by a verd antique architrave: and it is proposed to fill up the com-

partments, formed by these means, with glazed tiles of a tone of colour harmonizing with the marbles. The niches are designed to contain tripods, or urns, dedicated to the pastoral deities, from each of which a *jet d'eau* would be made to spring, as their lively, sparkling motion, joined with the coolness they impart to the air in warm seasons, make them fit ornaments for this species of building; and the variety of gently splashing sound which they produce, adds considerably to the interest created in their favour. The dome would be divided into trellis compartments, each rib being supported by a pilaster that forms the subdivision of the side walls; and the heads of the niches are intended to be ornamented to correspond with the dome. The windows are designed to be of the oriel kind, formed with oak mullions, and embellished with painted glass, which would throw over the whole a variety of brilliant and coloured light, greatly improving the general effect.

This plan permits a considerable portion of the whole building to have hollow walls, and the roof would be double also; a contrivance very essential to the dairy, but not of itself sufficient to preserve that temperature which is desirable during the excessive heats of summer; but it has been found, that where a free circulation of air has been created through the double walls and roof, this is completely effected. Care should at the same time be taken, that this circulation may be retarded, or wholly prevented, by means of regulators easy of access, whenever a change of circumstances may make it necessary. The servants' room should be well supplied with water and with cisterns, for keeping the vessels immersed in it cool when out of use, and, of course, with coppers and other necessary apparatus; and it is of the first consequence that the whole should be well drained, and be built upon a dry soil, or so constructed as to be free from damps.

The dairy is always a pleasing object: the situation in which it should be placed is, therefore, worthy of consideration, as far as it relates to ornamental effect. As it is an office of domestic use, it should be near to other offices of a similar nature, and should not obtrude itself into the plantations, but rather appear to be screened from observation, or as retiring from that embellished scenery, of which it merits to form a part, but to which it asserts no claim.

The dairy may be thatched with reeds; and in this design the projecting roof protects it from the sun. It should always be well sheltered, and placed where its use will not be injured by the extremes of temperature; but it ought not to be too closely surrounded by trees and shrubs, as many of them impart a flavour to milk, and the fermentation of decaying leaves is most detrimental to it: and although wood and trees afford shade and break the violence of the winds, yet after rain, or the melting of snow, they produce cold, from the evaporation which takes place on the leaves; and all moist surfaces do this on the same principle. It has been said, that the best trees for shelter are spruce firs, which, from the resinous quality, as well

as the linear form of their leaves, do not retain much moisture: hence, when it rains on them, the water falls to the ground, and sinks into the surface soil, and consequently little evaporation takes place; and perhaps from this may be deduced the chief reason why the spruce delights in a moist soil. Very pleasing combinations may be formed at the back of the dairy, by means of the cow-houses, pheasantry, poultry-houses, apiary, and pigeon-house, connected with a small grass paddock, and shrubs tastefully arranged.

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

No. V.

COMPARISON BETWEEN GRECIAN AND ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

When the subject of architecture is referred to, and buildings are described in books, not written by persons professionally familiar with the subject, it is not an uncommon thing to find the term "Grecian architecture" applied to buildings, however far the "orders," if some of them may be so called, are removed from the peculiar characteristics of their early originals, which happily, at this day, are so greatly esteemed and carefully studied. To the Greeks, the honour of systematizing the features of architecture certainly belongs, and all deviations from these originals may be considered as varieties only of the three orders, as arranged by them; but authors, during the last century and a half, have fallen into an error of treating the subject, as though no distinction really existed between the Grecian and Roman model, or between them and some of those architectural abortions which followed the revival of the art in Italy.

Than this error nothing can be more fatal to the honour of the noble art; and the same circumstance has caused a sort of confused idea to be entertained of all that architects have thought fit to term the "orders," who, themselves appreciating the distinction, do not always perceive the reason why architecture is so little understood by many persons of taste and judgment, in comparison with their more familiar acquaintance with the sister arts of sculpture and painting; and therefore they have not sufficiently illustrated the existing difference between Grecian and Roman architecture.

The countries that have afforded the amplest, and perhaps the earliest, examples of architecture, are Egypt and Assyria; from the former of which it is reasonable to suppose the Greeks themselves obtained some knowledge of building, since we know that a course of study in Egypt was considered to be necessary to the education of their youth: indeed, there exist at this time works of art in Egypt, India, and Asia Minor, of very early antiquity, which, in their forms, bear proof that they were the precursors of the Grecian orders, however rude they are found to be in point of art or skilful execution.

It is possible, as the unbounded

riches of the eastern Asiatics enabled them to perform works of stupendous magnitude, and of excessive splendour, which were rendered still more imposing by their peculiar habits, that they lost in them the relish for those beauties and features of intellectual excellence, which distinguish the operations of the mind from those of the lever and the hand. Not so the inhabitants of the Crimea: comparatively poor, but jealous of competition, they had no sooner obtained confidence in themselves, by successes over their imperious neighbours, and obtained distinguished military renown, than they resolved to obtain a superiority by works in which extraordinary skill and imagination were to be displayed; and, long prior to the time of the greatest elevation of Athens, in the time of Pericles, they abashed the monuments of princes, and set at nought the riches of empires.

It appears that the Greeks adopted the forms and arrangements of pillars from earlier examples; and selecting the human figure as the source whence they were to derive character, qualities that should be easily recognized, and upon which they might found principles of fitness, they began to impress them on the stone itself. In the Doric column, a firm, dignified, and manly stability was obtained, as simply decorated as the Spartan warrior. In the Corinthian, a feminine elegance, lightness of form, and gay attire, were imitated. The Ionic column was a medium of these, partaking of the strength of the Doric and the elegance of the Corinthian order. This arrangement then formed what may be considered as the judicious union of extremes, and also the intermediate compound of the strong and the weak, the heavy and the light, the plain and the embellished, the grave and the gay, of architectural fitness and propriety.

The Greeks acknowledged these three orders of architecture only: two others, called so perhaps by the courtesy of art, were added by the artists of Italy, the Tuscan and the Composite; and it has been a theme of wonder to many, that no new order has been added to these five! It is, however, questionable, if the Tuscan is not merely a debasement of the Doric, and the Composite of the Corinthian: in the first it is strength made stronger, which has resolved it into clumsiness; in the latter it is lightness made something heavier, by an approximation to the Ionic, and becomes, therefore, compounded of a compound. In both instances they are merely modifications of those characteristics and qualities which constitute the essence of the Doric, the Corinthian, and the Ionic orders of Grecian architecture.

New systems of architecture may be devised, wholly unlike the Grecian, the Roman, the Gothic, and the Chinese, but to have a new order added to the Greek arrangement, is a circumstance as little expected by the architect, as was the realization of the prospect held out to painters, when an enthusiastic chemist proposed to add a fourth to the three primitive colours of nature.

Of the ancient Tuscan column, except one at Constantinople, there exist those only of Trajan and Antoninus, which are without en-

tablatures; and we are indebted to Vitruvius for our only further records of this portion of architecture. The Composite is to be found very perfect in several buildings at Rome. The proportions of the Grecian Doric and that of the Romans, are nearly as follows, according to the deductions made from their respective buildings generally:—The Grecian Doric column is nearly three-fourths of the whole height from the foot of it to the top of the entablature, and its diameter is from five and a half to a sixth of the height of the column. The Roman Doric column occupies four-fifths of this height, and its diameter is one-eighth of the altitude of the pillar. The Grecian Doric column is without a "base." The Ionic and Corinthian more nearly correspond, but the entablatures of the Grecian are much more massy than those of the Roman; the pillar of the former being in height eight diameters, whereas in the latter it is nine diameters; and in both cases the entablature is about two diameters high. Thus it appears, that the Roman orders are composed of smaller parts, and the minutiæ of them are more complicated: the consequence is, that the shadows projected are less simple, and not so broad as those of the Greeks. They endeavoured to preserve masses of what the painters term "middle tint," broad quantities of modified light, relieved by *piquant* depths of shadow and sparkling effects, for which the forms of the moulding were also carefully designed, which, for this purpose, were usually generated by the ellipsis, the parabola, or hyperbola: whereas the mouldings of the Roman orders are almost invariably composed of circles, either simple or compounded in equal portions from equal radii. This produced similar quantities of middle tint, light, and shadow: but the Greeks carefully avoided this sameness, and judiciously and tastefully made the middle tint to prevail distinctly; and in all their works we find a superior understanding of the principles and effects of light and shade, which are softened into each other and relieved with great skill. These, in the Roman style, are abrupt and broken, and are certainly less beautiful, and less capable of affording the charms of reflected light, than is possessed by those vestiges of Grecian art, which, by their well-studied proportions and forms, merit all the respect and veneration that can be offered to them.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

METHOD OF DESTROYING THE INSECT THAT INJURES APPLE-TREES.

THERE is an insect, a species of the *aphis,* which eats the bark of the apple-trees so much, that it destroys the tree, and for the destruction of which many remedies have been recommended; but as the writer of this, as well as his neighbours, have applied the usual remedies in vain, he takes this mode of communicating to the public

the effectual remedy which has been discovered by Mr. Richard Knight, to destroy this insect, and which remedy there is reason to believe is not sufficiently known; because Mr. Knight's statement has hitherto appeared only in the *Philosophical Journal* of Dr. Thompson, and from which this statement is transcribed. His process is as follows:—As soon as the insect makes its appearance, which is generally early in the spring, by exuding a white flocculent cotton-like substance upon such of the rough knotty surfaces of the bark as have afforded it shelter during the winter, cut away with the pruning-knife all the dead bark from the parts affected, and then immediately cover the wounds, by means of a painter's brush, with a kind of paint composed of oil of tar and yellow ochre, mixed to the consistence of cream, and also cover such other parts as may be likely to harbour the insect, or to be subject to its attack. The effect of this operation is immediate and lasting; for the extremely pungent and penetrating property of the oil of tar is such, that it instantly penetrates through the minutest creeks and fissures of the bark, and thereby effectually destroys both insect and eggs in the most secret recesses, without, in the smallest degree, injuring the tree, and for some months it secures the parts from future attack.

The application may be made at all seasons; and by the addition of a little lamp-black, may be readily made to correspond in colour with the bark of the tree, so as not to become at all offensive to the eye. It is, indeed, so convenient a medium of defence against the bad effects both of insects and the weather, that it should be used after the knife on all occasions.

ON WATER; MEANS OF SELECTING SUCH AS IS SALUBRIOUS; CHARACTERS OF GOOD WATER; EASY METHOD OF CORRECTING PUMP OR HARD WATER, SO AS TO RENDER IT FIT FOR WASHING, BOILING LEGUMINOUS SEEDS, &C.

A knowledge of the general nature or salubrity of different kinds of waters employed in the common concerns of life, on account of the abundant daily use we make of them in the preparation of food, and as vehicles of drink, &c. cannot be denied to be a subject deserving general attention. By means of such a knowledge, we are enabled to select the best waters for use, and to reject such as might be hurtful to the purposes for which they are employed.

The effects produced by some of the foreign matters which water may contain, are more considerable, and of greater importance, than might at first be imagined. It cannot be denied, that hard and impure waters, or such as are loaded with earthy matter, have a decided effect upon certain functions of the animal economy. Hard waters, every body knows, increase the distressing symptoms under which those persons labour who are afflicted with what is commonly called gravel complaints; and various other ailments might be named, which are greatly aggravated by the use of waters abounding in certain saline and earthy matters, were this a subject on which we meant to speak. And, al-

though the quantity of foreign matters usually contained in those waters which we employ in common is, in general, exceedingly small, yet it cannot be denied, that a minute quantity of unwholesome matter, daily consumed, may constitute the principal cause of the difference in salubrity observable in different places; and for our own parts we are inclined to believe, that an improvement in health, induced by a change of residence, may as often be attributed to *a change of water*, as it is of *air*, or *locality*.

With regard to the arts and manufactures, it is well known to the dyer, that *hard* water opposes the solution of several dye stuffs; that it alters the natural tints of certain colours; and that it precipitates its earthy and saline ingredients in the fibres of the stuff, and impedes the brilliancy of the dye. The bleacher cannot use with advantage those waters which abound in earthy salts and metallic oxids, without imparting an indelible yellowish tint to the cloth. To the manufacturer of painters' colours, water as pure as possible is absolutely necessary. The paper-maker, the brewer, the malt-distiller, the calico-printer, and many other manufacturers and artists, are well aware of how much consequence it is to them, that the water which they use in the practice of their arts should be as pure as possible, or at least should not be contaminated with such principles as tend to injure the products of their arts; and hence manufactories have acquired a superiority in particular places, from the excellence of the water employed in them, and this in general is in proportion to its purity.

Even in the culinary art, the effects of water, more or less pure, is obvious, and in some cases very striking. Good and pure water will soften the fibres of animal and vegetable matters more readily than such as is usually called hard, or impure; green esculent vegetables become less tender when boiled in *hard* than soft water. Every cook-maid knows, that dry peas and other farinaceous seeds cannot be boiled in hard water to become tender; and that the farina, or flour, of peas, lentils, or beans, never dissolves completely in hard water, that it subsides to the bottom, and that for the making of peas-soup soft water is absolutely necessary.

If a quantity of tea-leaves be infused, under circumstances all alike, in separate vessels, in hard and soft water, either hot or cold, and suffered to stand for equal times, the infusion effected by means of the soft water will have a much stronger taste than the infusion made by means of the hard water; it will strike a more intense black colour with a solution of sulphate of iron, and afford a more abundant precipitate with a solution of animal jelly; and, from this simple examination, it becomes obvious, that soft water extracts more gallic acid and more tan from the leaves of tea, than such as is hard.

The water which flows on the surface of the earth, forming wells, springs, fountains, rivers, or streams, is, however, never completely pure, distilled water being (thus speaking) considered as a standard of comparison.

GOOD WATER should be beauti-

fully transparent; a slight opacity is a certain criterion of extraneous matter. To judge of the perfect transparency of water, it should be put into a deep glass vessel, the larger the better, so that we can look down perpendicularly into a considerable mass of the fluid; for by so doing, we may discover any degree of muddiness much better than can be done if the water be viewed through the glass horizontally, or held between the eye and the place whence the direct light proceeds. It should also be perfectly colourless, devoid of odour, and its taste lively and agreeable. It should send out air-bubbles when poured from one vessel into another; it should boil pulse soft, and form with soap an uniform opaline fluid. The liability of water to spoil by long keeping in close vessels, is by no means a criterion of its disqualification for the ordinary purposes of life, as is often imagined; it merely proves the presence of organic matter. The water taken up at London bridge, at low water, holds a minute quantity of animal matter in solution, which may be detected by chemical tests, and no water becomes sooner putrid than that of the Thames. When taken for sea store, a cask filled with Thames water, after having been kept a month closed up and then opened, emits a volume of carburetted hydrogen gas, and the water is quite black, on account of a portion of carbonaceous matter, originating from the decomposition of the organic substances which it held in solution, being disengaged. The water, upon being racked off, however, into large earthen-ware vessels, and suffered to stand exposed to the air for some time to reabsorb carbonic acid and common air, becomes beautifully clear, and is then better fitted for sea store than the best pump or well water usually met with.

To acquire a knowledge of the general nature of water does not require much address; it is only necessary to add to the water we wish to examine certain chemical reagents, or tests, and, from the phenomena which they produce, a sufficient notion may be formed of the general constitution of the water*. Thus, if *tincture or solution of soap in alcohol*, dropped into water, produces immediately a white curdy precipitate, the water abounds in earthy salts, which are chiefly sulphate and super-carbonate of lime, and sometimes magnesian salts. Such waters are unfit for boiling peas, and all kinds of leguminous seeds, at least if they contain more than four grains of solid matter of these salts in a pint of water. They have usually a cool brisk taste, which renders them more palatable, and therefore are preferred by water-drinkers.

Hard waters may, in general, be cured by dropping into them a solution of subcarbonate of potash; or, if the hardness be owing to the presence of super-carbonate of lime only, mere boiling will remedy the defect; part of the carbonic acid flies off, and a neutral carbonate of lime falls down to the bottom: it is this that forms the stony crust, or *fur*, on the sides of the

* These tests may be had at the chemists.

kettle in which such waters have been often boiled; but to render this water wholesome and agreeable to the palate, it ought to be exposed to the open air, in broad shallow vessels, to reabsorb a portion of carbonic acid gas and common air, which it has lost by boiling, and without which water has a vapid taste, and cannot be used as a wholesome drink.

Water which contains metallic matters, acquires a dark colour by the admixture of liquid sulphuretted hydrogene; and by this test the presence of lead has been detected in waters kept in leaden cisterns. In applying this test, it is essential that the liquid sulphuret, or water impregnated simply with sulphuretted hydrogene gas (and not a hydrosulphuret, as has been recommended), be employed, because the former does not precipitate, or indicate the presence of iron, whereas the latter does, and which metal is not injurious to health. The lead that has been found in waters, originates from the leaden cisterns, pumps, or pipes for carrying the fluid. If *oxalate of ammonia* produces an abundant white precipitate, we are sure that the water abounds in earthy salts; and if a few drops of *muriate of barytes* occasion a strong precipitate in the boiled water, we have reason to believe that the lime is combined with sulphuric acid; and from the quantity of the precipitate thus produced, when contrasted with a good soft water, a sufficient notion may be formed of the comparative goodness of the water, or of such as is fit for the ordinary purposes of domestic economy.

ADULTERATION OF MUSK, AND READY METHOD OF DETECTING THE FRAUD.

The substance called musk, from the high price which it bears, is often adulterated; and although the fraud may be detected by chemical agencies, it is usually presumed by perfumers, that there is no criterion to be depended upon to ascertain the purity or genuineness of this article, except that of comparing it with specimens known to be genuine. The following observations will therefore, it is presumed, be deemed not superfluous to guard against fraud.

There are two sorts of musk distinguished in commerce; the one is inclosed in the bags, the other is extracted, and each of them is again subdivided, according to the countries from which they are brought: hence arises the Tonquin or East Indian musk, and the Muscovy or Persian musk. The Tonquin bags have usually small brownish hairs upon them; the Persian large white ones. The former are considered the best; but the difference seems to be in reality only in the quantity, and not in the quality, the thinner and lighter bags containing more in proportion to their weight than the others. The articles and method employed for adulterating the contents of the bags, it is not necessary to state, but the genuineness of the contents of the bag may be discriminated by a lens. If the bags be opened, and the contents be examined by a magnifying lens, a multitude of minute filaments will be seen, some of which are whitish, others reddish, united

transversely in the *genuine musk*. The sophisticated bags represent only a homogeneous mass, or a species of paste; but there are none of the filaments to be seen. The genuine musk has an unctuous feel, is of a dark reddish brown colour, has a very bitter taste and strong aromatic smell, and is soluble in sulphuric and nitrous acid. Adulterated musk, on the contrary, is rather harsh to the touch; it is crumbly, and soon becomes dry; and its colour is a more intense black.

EASY METHOD OF GILDING SILVER WITHOUT HEAT, BY MERE FRICTION, WITH MINUTELY DIVIDED METALLIC GOLD.

Dip some common linen rags into a concentrated solution of muriate of gold; suffer the rags to dry, and then set them on fire. The gold with which they were impregnated, becomes thus reduced to the metallic state, and combined with the charcoal of the rags. To use this powder, which therefore consists of fine divided metallic gold and charcoal, take a soft sound cork, moisten it with a little water, and dip it into the powder, to cause part of it to adhere to the cork, and then rub it forcibly, by means of the cork, on the surface of the silver, which should be perfectly clean and polished. The silver will then become covered with an extremely thin coating of metallic gold, the colour and brilliancy of which may be heightened by burnishing: and it is a singular fact, that the particles of gold, by simple mechanical means, can thus be made to adhere to the surface of the silver, and so intimately as to form but one substance. The charcoal powder serves merely to render the application of the particles of gold more manageable.—See ACCUM'S *Chemical Amusement*.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

THE SEVEN INFANTS OF LARA.

THE year 986 of the Christian era will be ever memorable in Spanish history for the cruel death of the seven illustrious brothers, who were commonly called the Seven Infants of Lara. They became the victims of the revenge and treachery of their maternal uncle, Don Ruy Velasquez, whose sister Dona Sancha had married Don Gonsalez Gustio, lord of Sala de Lara This illustrious couple had seven sons, known by the name of the Seven Infants of Lara; distinguished even in that chivalrous age for the heroism of their deeds, and still more known to posterity from the manner of their deaths.

The noble deeds of these illustrious brothers entitled them at a very early age to the honour of knighthood, and they accordingly received it from the hands of their grandfather, Don Garcias Fernandez, who conferred this honour upon the seven brothers on the same day, with all the rude pomp of the times. Shortly afterwards,

Don Ruy Velasquez, lord of Billarran, solicited and obtained the hand of the beautiful Dona Lambra, of the noble and illustrious family of Brivesca, who was distantly allied to the house of Lara. The marriage was celebrated at Burgos with the greatest possible magnificence. The days were consumed in tournaments, and the nights in balls and feasting. Nearly all the nobility of Spain were present, and among others the seven brothers and their father. It chanced that the youngest of the seven brothers had a trifling dispute with Don Alvar Sanches, a relation of Dona Lambra, but the quarrel was speedily made up, and harmony apparently restored: however, the proud and vindictive spirit of Dona Lambra was so wounded by what had passed, that she cherished from that moment the most deadly hatred against the youthful Don Gonsalez, whose quarrel with her kinsman she regarded as an insult offered to herself. The young knight and his brothers, who thought no more of the affair, testified their respect for the bride by accompanying her as far as the little town of Baladillo; and at this place her resentment got so far the better of her prudence, that she ordered one of her slaves to throw upon the garment of Don Gonsalez, a cucumber dipped in blood, which was considered at that time as the grossest insult that could be offered to any person. The slave, as soon as he had performed the orders of his mistress, fled from the presence of the enraged Don Gonsalez, who pursued him with the rapidity of lightning, and came up with him at the moment that he entered the presence of Dona Sancha. She, perceiving that the knight had his sword drawn, opened her arms to the slave, who rushed into them, thinking to save himself from the wrath of Don Gonsalez; but the young knight, suspecting that the slave had acted by the order of Dona Sancha, was resolved that even her arms should not protect the miscreant, whose offence, according to the usages of those times, could be only washed away by his blood, and he stabbed him to the heart.

Don Ruy Velasquez, the husband of this implacable woman, was at that time absent from her on business of great importance; but passionately fond of his young and lovely bride, he hastened back to her with all a lover's impatience. She received him with evident traces of grief and discontent in her countenance, and when pressed to reveal the cause, inveighed against the insolence and brutality of the young Gonsalez, whose conduct she painted in colours that might have inflamed a more just and temperate mind than that of Don Ruy, who was in truth the counterpart of his wife. He besought her to compose herself, and to be assured, that the whole family of Lara should rue the hour in which one of its members dared affront her; at the same time he observed they must act with caution, lest the deep and deadly revenge which he meditated might fail. These monsters then laid a plan to revenge the supposed affront offered to them, by the death of the seven illustrious brothers, six of whom were wholly innocent of any offence towards them.

Don Ruy, knowing the valour of the infants, durst not attack them openly, and even the intriguing genius of the malignant Dona Lambra was for some time at a loss how to satiate her vengeance with the blood of the illustrious brothers: at last it was determined to remove their father, Don Gonsalez Gustio, who was one of the greatest obstacles to their design. Accordingly Don Ruy engaged him to go to Cordova, to demand from the Moorish king a considerable sum of money which he owed to him. Don Gonsalez Gustio readily undertook to procure the money, and set out for Cordova accordingly, unconscious that the letters with which he was charged from his perfidious kinsman to the king, contained the most pressing solicitations to that prince to put the bearer secretly to death. Whether from compassion for the noble Spaniard now in the decline of life, or from motives of policy, we cannot say, but it is certain that the king did not comply with the desire of the cruel and treacherous Don Ruy. He had not, however, magnanimity enough to discover to Don Gonsalez the snare laid for him, and send him back, as he ought to have done, to his family: he imprisoned him, but treated him at the same time with great humanity; in short, he suffered him to want nothing but his liberty.

The heroic deeds of Don Gonsalez Gustio were well known in the court of the Moorish king, and the sister of that monarch conceived a great desire to see him. Though in the decline of life, the person of Don Gonsalez was still eminently handsome, and his manly graces, aided by his polished and courteous manners, made a sensible impression on the heart of the fair infidel, who promised to interest herself in procuring him his liberty. Under this pretext she visited him several times, but she soon became too much enamoured of him, to take any steps towards procuring him that liberty which he would use to return immediately to his family. We shall not detail the seductions with which this lovely infidel assailed the hitherto virtuous and irreproachable Don Gonsalez; suffice it to say, that he forgot his conjugal faith, and that the princess bore him a son, called Don Mudarra Gonsalez, the founder of the family of the Mauriques, one of the most illustrious in Spain.

Don Ruy Velasquez, in the mean time, was ill satisfied to find that half his vengeance was defeated by the clemency of the Moorish monarch; and he resolved, at whatever hazard, to satisfy his thirst for vengeance, by the death of the seven brothers. He spoke publicly of his intention to invade the Moors, and the seven brothers, as he hoped and expected, directly offered him their services. He saw with a fiend-like delight the avidity with which these noble youths ran into the snare he had laid for their destruction; for he had prepared an ambuscade near Almenara, in the plains of Araviana, at the foot of the mountains of Moncaye. He concealed in this ambuscade so great a number of Moors, that it was impossible for the infants to escape their swords; and the brothers, delighted with what they thought so

favourable an opportunity to signalize themselves, pressed him eagerly to begin his expedition.

Their tutor, Nuno Salido, who still continued to reside in their family, was by no means satisfied with their undertaking this expedition, and used every means to dissuade them from it; he represented to them the well known revengeful spirit of their kinsman Don Ruy: but they, who judged the hearts of others by their own, believed, that whatever differences had existed between the young Don Gonsalez and the Count Velasquez, they were forgotten and forgiven as cordially by the latter as by the former. When the tutor found that they would not listen to aught against Don Ruy Valasquez, he endeavoured to work upon their tenderness for himself; he represented to them, that he had an unaccountable foreboding that they were doomed to perish in this expedition, and he besought them with tears and entreaties to relinquish it for his sake. Though fondly attached to him, they could not resolve to commit an action which they thought would stain their honour; and the aged tutor, finding all his entreaties vain, resolved to share their fate whatever it might be, and set out with them, full of a secret presentiment, that neither he nor they would ever return.

Full of hope and confidence, the valiant brothers put themselves at the head of two-hundred horsemen, and set forward on their expedition. They speedily fell into the ambuscade laid for them, and, to their astonishment, found themselves surrounded on all sides by the Moors. Surprised, but not dismayed, they charged the enemy vigorously, resolving, since they saw that death was inevitable, to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The infidels, whose object it was to take them alive, called to them repeatedly to surrender in vain. Death appeared to these heroic youths a thousand times preferable to falling alive into the hands of the Moors; so disgraceful a captivity would, they thought, for ever sully their past exploits, and they continued to deal destruction on their opponents, till, covered with wounds and overcome by numbers, they sank lifeless upon the field of battle, and with them perished their faithful Nuno.

The barbarous infidels cut off their heads, which they sent to Cordova to the king. No present could have been more acceptable to the monarch, to whose territories the valiant brothers had been a perpetual scourge; but what a dreadful sight was it for the unfortunate Don Gonsalez Gustio, to whom the king had the barbarity to send the heads, disfigured as they were, in order to ascertain that they really were those of the brothers! The grief of the wretched father was so excessive, that it touched even the savage heart of the royal Moor, who set him at liberty.

Don Gonsalez made use of his freedom to return to his disconsolate wife, with whom he proposed to wear out the remnant of his days in perpetual lamentations for his lost sons; but the justice of Providence raised them an unexpected avenger in the person of Don Mudarra, the son of Don Gonsalez by the Moorish princess.

This boy discovered, even from his infant years, a spirit worthy of the illustrious house of Lara; and no sooner had he attained the age of fourteen, than his solicitations prevailed upon his mother to send him to Don Gonsalez Gustio. He received with joy a youth whose dauntless spirit pointed him out, even at that early age, as a proper person to avenge the treachery of Don Ruy Velasquez; nor did many years elapse before that monster suffered the punishment due to his crimes. Don Mudarra stabbed him with his own hand; he also caused the guilty Dona Lambra to be stoned to death, and afterwards had her body burned, and her ashes scattered in the air. Dona Sancha, the mother of the infants, was so well pleased with the zeal which Mudarra shewed in revenging his deceased brothers, as well as with his noble and daring spirit, that she adopted him as her son; and thus gave him a legal right to inherit the wealth of his father, as well as the large estates of her own family, which afterwards centered in him. The manner in which children were then adopted is sufficiently characteristic of the barbarism of the age: there was a large shirt made for the purpose, through the sleeve of which the adopted son passed, and came out at the collar. The day on which Don Mudarra went through this singular ceremony, he received the distinction of knighthood from the hands of the Count of Castille, Don Garcia Fernandez; and his conduct, during the remainder of his life, was such as did honour to the illustrious house from which he sprang.

SIR JAMES CALDWELL.

Sir James Caldwell, a gentleman of Ireland, when very young, on his tour through Europe passed some time at Toulouse, and during his stay there often amused himself with catching small birds. As he was known to be a subject of Great Britain, with which France was then at war, he was observed to go out every morning very early, and ramble about near the walls, followed by a little boy; and as he appeared frequently to make use of paper and pencil, the magistrates, alarmed by these dangerous appearances, concluded that Sir James was contriving their destruction, or at least taking a plan of their town. Their town, indeed, was not fortified; a circumstance which, perhaps, in the confusion of their fears, they might forget, or, if they did not, some other mischief might be perpetrated against it by a heretic, armed with paper and pencil, and followed by a boy who might assist in his design, without sufficiently knowing it to make a discovery. It was therefore resolved that he should be taken into custody, searched, and examined. This was accordingly done; and in his pockets they found sufficient evidences of his guilt. They found a drawing, a great number of cards inscribed with unintelligible names, and a manuscript, entitled *Le Ciel ouvert à tout le Monde*. The drawings they supposed to be a plan of Toulouse, wickedly taken with a view to assist the English in their designs to

enter a place, which, like Heaven, was open to all men; the names they imagined to have some mysterious reference to the plan; and by the book, they concluded that Sir James was not only their enemy, but the enemy of all good Christians: for what could be more pernicious than to unlock Heaven without the key of St. Peter, and admit a motley rabble of Jews, Turks, and infidels?

With all these marks of atrocious guilt upon his head, he was committed to the state prison, and verbal process was exhibited against him. He came prepared for his defence with a very uncommon apparatus, a birding-net and an English dictionary: by the help of these he was able to prove, that the supposed plan was no other than the drawing of the net, and that the mysterious words were the English names of a great variety of birds that had been caught. They were now so much ashamed of the absurdity into which they had been betrayed by their zeal for the city of Toulouse, that they totally deserted the cause of Christianity, and said no more of the horrid doctrine that was taught in the book. This book, which has since been translated and published in England, had been lent to Sir James by a president of the parliament of Toulouse, who, when he heard that Sir James had been taken into custody, found means to entreat, by letter, that he would not discover of whom he had it; and it was happy for him that no questions were asked. It is, however, but justice to the magistrates to add, that however absurd their suspicions might be, their behaviour was humane and polite. Sir James was not taken into custody till he was sitting down to supper; and orders were given, that the lamps between his lodgings and the prison should not be lighted, that the chairs which were sent for him and his servants, attended by guards, might be less seen. They lodged him in the same apartments that the Duke of Montmorency went out of to be beheaded, and he was elegantly entertained at the king's expense.

SOMERSET.

MISCELLANIES.

THE CONFLICT, OR LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

LADY CHILLINGWORTH became at the age of twenty-five one of the loveliest widows in England, and as it was supposed that motives of prudence rather than affection induced her to wed Lord Chillingworth, it was expected that she would soon make a second choice. As soon as decency would permit her to listen to their overtures, she was assailed by a number of suitors, whose importunities did not cease when she declared against a second marriage; on the contrary, the major part redoubled their solicitations, nothing daunted by her declared preference of widowhood, which excited the laughter of some, the wonder of others; and the disbelief of all.

Fifteen years passed, however, without any change in the resolution of our widow, who was at forty still blooming and beautiful enough to divide the attention of the male sex with her daughter Cecilia, a very lovely girl of eighteen, who was her ladyship's pride and delight. It was in fact solely for her sake that Lady Chillingworth remained unmarried: her deceased husband had been of opinion, that the riches of a family should centre in its heir; and in spite of the entreaties of his wife, he left an immense sum, which was at his disposal, to his son, while he bequeathed to Cecilia only five thousand pounds. Owing perhaps in some degree to this partial disposal of his property, Cecilia became exclusively the object of her mother's affections; and as the children grew up, the difference of their dispositions still farther alienated her affections from her son, who was of a cold, selfish temper, and who shewed even in his childish days strong symptoms of the avarice which afterwards marked his character. The disposition of Cecilia, on the contrary, was open, generous, and affectionate, but romantic and credulous to excess. Totally unused to any exertion of maternal authority, she knew not what it was to submit to the will of her mother, and heard Lady Chillingworth with equal consternation and surprise express her pleasure at receiving proposals for her from Captain Mortimer.

"My dearest mother," cried Cecilia, "I never can marry him!"

"Indeed!" replied her ladyship with extreme displeasure; "and what are your objections?"

Cecilia's only answer was her tears. "My dear child," cried the fond mother, softening at the sight of the daughter's distress, "I know your affections are disengaged, and had I power to chuse a husband for you from all mankind, my choice would fall on Mortimer: surely then my Cecilia will not, through mere childish caprice, oppose my will in the first instance it has ever been peremptorily exerted."

Cecilia pressed her mother's hand to her lips, but remained silent; and Lady Chillingworth, moved by her evident distress, urged the matter no farther, but embracing her, desired she would endeavour to compose herself, and retired.

Composure, however, had fled from the bosom of poor Cecilia, whose youth and inexperience had been basely taken advantage of by the woman placed about her person by her mother. This woman, a native of France, and of the meanest extraction, had a cousin, a young man of handsome person and specious manners: he had been artfully introduced by her to Miss Chillingworth, as the son of a French marquis in whose family she had formerly resided; and a tale was trumped up, of his having quitted France to avoid a forced marriage. We have said Cecilia was naturally romantic: this young man of course appeared to her an interesting object; and her mother's dislike to foreigners and general reserve to strangers, made her agree to Jeannette's desires, that the young marquis's condescension in coming to see her might be kept a secret. It happened, as if by accident, that the marquis always came when Lady Chilling-

worth was out or engaged, and without entering into a detail of the artifices used to impose on the credulous Cecilia, suffice it to say, that she was by degrees entangled in a private correspondence with the supposed marquis.

Miss Chillingworth's first impulse when her mother had quitted her, was to reveal her secret to a female friend to whom she was tenderly attached, and who was shortly to be united to her brother, but Jeannette prevailed upon her to see the marquis before she came to any resolution; and he artfully worked upon her feelings, by representing the certain opposition which his family as well as Lady Chillingworth would make to their being united; and feigned so much grief and despair at the thought of losing her, that, in an evil hour, the unfortunate Cecilia was prevailed upon to elope with him to Scotland.

What a death-blow was this step to the hopes of her doating mother! Grief and indignation produced a fever upon her spirits, under which she would most probably have sunk but for the tender attentions of her son's intended bride, who took the first opportunity that Lady Chillingworth's returning health gave her, to plead for the unfortunate fugitive; but her ladyship sternly interrupted her--"I have no daughter now, Sophia," said she, "but yourself; it is from you that I must seek for consolation for the misconduct of that wretched girl who has disgraced her family and herself: but I charge you, as you value my affection, never mention her name to me; I have solemnly and for ever renounced her, and any attempt to plead for her, will draw down my resentment upon yourself, and increase my hatred towards her."

Sophia shuddered, but she was obliged to obey. Lord Chillingworth, to whom she communicated what had passed, affected to deplore her ill success, but he was inwardly rejoiced at it. He had always been jealous of the influence which Cecilia possessed over his mother, and his avaricious disposition prompted him to seize this opportunity to secure, if possible, the large sum which Lady Chillingworth had accumulated from her jointure, as well as the five thousand which had been left to Miss Chillingworth on condition that she married with her mother's approbation.

Let us turn our thoughts to poor Cecilia, who had soon the mortification of discovering the cheat put upon her by the pretended marquis, who was outrageous when he found that it was in the power of her mother to withhold her fortune. Policy induced him, however, to treat his victim with some degree of decency for a few months, till finding her mother continue inexorable, he threw off the mask, and convinced the wretched Cecilia, that she had united herself to a man totally destitute of honour and humanity. The birth of a beautiful little girl had no effect in softening his temper, and his wife and infant would actually have wanted bread, but for the benevolence of Sophia, who divided her pin-money, which was all that her avaricious husband left at her disposal, with her sister-in-law.

Cecilia endeavoured as much as possible to conceal the ill treatment

she received from her unworthy husband, whom we shall call D'Arville, but his death, which happened soon after the birth of her little girl, freed her from a cruel tyrant, and opened to her a prospect of reconciliation with her mother. This hope enabled her for five years to struggle with her misfortunes; at the expiration of that time Lady Chillingworth died—died without forgiving her. The shock was too great for her broken constitution to support; she sunk under it, beseeching her brother, in a letter dictated almost in her last moments, to take upon himself the care of his orphan niece.

The disorder of which the dowager Lady Chillingworth died, was contagious, and her daughter-in-law, who attended her with unwearied humanity, became a martyr to her pious cares; she recovered indeed from the fever, but died shortly afterwards in a decline: and it was a few days after that event had taken place, that the little Cecilia and her nurse arrived at the splendid mansion of Lord Chillingworth. Nothing could be more unwelcome to his lordship then his unfortunate sister's bequest: engrossed by avarice and ambition, he was enveloped in political speculations, and had lost even the small share of humanity which he originally possessed. Captain Mortimer, now become a colonel, happened to be with him at the moment that the little Cecilia and her nurse were announced. The colonel had for some time been married, but though his love for Cecilia was long extinct, he could not behold her child, the infant resemblance of herself, without emotions of the tenderest pity; and this sensation was heightened by the manner in which her uncle received her. After coldly observing, that she was not in the least like her mother, he ordered her nurse to take her into another room, while he read the letter once more, as he began, he said, to entertain some doubts of her identity.

"Good Heaven!" said Colonel Mortimer, who restrained himself with difficulty till the nurse was out of hearing, "surely, my lord, you cannot be serious! A single glance at the countenance of that lovely infant is sufficient to prove its relationship to your sister."

"In your eye colonel the resemblance may be striking, but I own that I cannot perceive it. However, when the affair has been properly examined into, if I find the child is really the daughter of that unfortunate woman, why I shall certainly do something for her."

"Something for her!" repeated the colonel in an indignant tone; "so I should suppose, my lord: the child of an only sister bequeathed you in a way so solemn and affecting, ought to be regarded as your own."

"All these fine romantic flights are very well in novels or on the stage, colonel, but you will not find any man, at least any man of common sense, in real life, who has three children of his own, ready to sacrifice their interests by placing on the same footing with them, a girl born under such disgraceful circumstances. Even if she is really my niece, which I have some doubts of, all that she can in justice to my own family expect, is a plain, decent education, and a por-

tion of a few hundreds, or a small annuity for life."

"No, my lord," cried the colonel, "the child of Cecilia Chillingworth shall not, while I have a home to shelter her, deprive your lordship's sons of a few hundreds, or the sum necessary to purchase a small annuity. Little indeed could I imagine, that your lordship would think of making such a contemptible provision for the child of a sister, who ought, in justice, to inherit some portion at least of that wealth which was her mother's right."

Whether it was the matter or the manner that offended the noble peer, we cannot decide, but offended he was to such a degree, that he protested if the colonel presumed to interfere farther in the business, he should renounce the brat for ever: a threat which the colonel answered only by ordering his carriage, and taking the brat and the nurse home with him to his wife; a lovely young woman, who was so old-fashioned that she appeared to take literally the words, man and wife are one flesh, since she saw with the colonel's eyes, heard with his ears, and entered so completely into his feelings on all occasions, that they appeared entirely her own. She gave the little orphan a motherly reception, and knowing that her husband was not the best economist in the world, and that his estates were entailed, she determined to bestow such an education upon the little Cecilia, as would render her in some degree independent of the caprice of fortune.

In about a year after they had taken Cecilia under their protection, Mrs. Mortimer found herself, for the first time, likely to become a mother. The happiness which this circumstance gave the colonel was of short duration; his amiable wife expired in giving birth to a daughter, just as his *protégée* had attained her seventh year. The sensibility which the child displayed upon this occasion, endeared her still more to the colonel, whose grief for Mrs. Mortimer was excessive, and who always retained too tender a remembrance of her to make a second choice. Knowing what her wishes had been respecting the education of Cecilia, he endeavoured to fulfil them, and at the age of seventeen her beauty and accomplishments justified his partial boast, that she was one of the loveliest and cleverest girls in England, as well as one of the best. Never was gratitude more fervent than in the heart of Cecilia, who loved her benefactor with an affection truly filial, and endeavoured to shew her sense of his goodness, by the most assiduous attention to the education of his little motherless Emily.

The establishment of Cecilia was, next to the welfare of his own child, the object nearest to the heart of Mortimer: he had not forgotten, however, the melancholy fate of her mother, and he determined to allow her the most perfect freedom of choice. She had attained her twenty-second year without receiving any proposal which he much wished her to accept, and he began to fear lest his death should leave her slenderly provided for. These fears, however, he confined to his own breast, and Cecilia, happy in the enjoyment

of domestic pleasures, and fully occupied in finishing the education of Emily, now turned of fifteen, did not conceive that love could bestow upon her a bliss beyond what she enjoyed.

The return of Sir Charles Delworth, the son of an old and intimate friend of Mr. Mortimer, from a continental tour, proved to Cecilia, that she had been mistaken. It was soon evident to the penetrating eye of Mortimer, that her charms had made a serious impression on the heart of the young baronet: no discovery could have been more agreeable to him, for Sir Charles was in every respect unexceptionable; and the timid glance, the averted eye, and the bright suffusion which flushed the cheek of Cecilia at his approach, convinced the colonel, that he was not likely to be an unsuccessful suitor. Mr. Mortimer now thought all his cares for the happiness of his adopted daughter over; but occupied solely with his observations on her and Sir Charles, he did not perceive, that a passion, destructive of her repose, had taken possession of the innocent heart of his Emily. This sweet girl still retained in her form and manners all the playful graces of childhood; and Delworth, whose attentions to Cecilia were often repressed by the fear of appearing presuming, feeling himself under no restraint with Emily, treated her with a playful and affectionate familiarity, which insensibly gained an interest in her heart. Emily called it friendship, and would perhaps long have thought it so, had not her eyes been opened to the nature of her feelings, by a conversation she accidentally overheard between Sir Charles and the colonel, in which the latter proposed for Cecilia. The effect of this stroke upon the heart of a young girl of exquisite sensibility, may be better conceived than described; and when her friend, with cheeks glowing and eyes sparkling with pleasure, came to make her a sharer in her happiness, she found her pale, motionless, and drowned in tears. Terrified at her situation, Cecilia obliged her immediately to retire to bed, and seating herself by the side of the poor sufferer, endeavoured to discover to what circumstance so sudden a change could be owing. Too innocent to dissemble, the very pains which Emily took to hide her secret, betrayed it; and Cecilia saw with horror, that the happiness of which she had so fondly anticipated the possession, must be built upon the destruction of her friend's peace. Poor Cecilia knew not on what to resolve: at one moment she hoped that time and the indifference of Sir Charles would restore Emily to tranquillity; and the next, she reproached herself for her ingratitude in hesitating an instant to ensure the peace of Miss Mortimer by the destruction of her own hopes. The conflict was severe, but friendship and gratitude triumphed, and she signified to the colonel a wish to decline the addresses of Sir Charles.

The astonishment of Mr. Mortimer was extreme, and for the first time he was seriously displeased with his darling. "Why, this is downright coquetry," cried he indignantly; "you gave me no intimation of this kind when I acquainted you with Sir Charles's

proposals; nay, I could have staked my existence, that you loved him: if, however, he has given you any cause to change your opinion, if you have reason to believe him unworthy"——

"Oh, no!" interrupted the sobbing Cecilia, "I think him the best and most honourable of men."

"And yet you refuse his addresses?"

Cecilia sunk at his feet: "My father! my benefactor!" cried she, "in all things else do with me what you please; but do not compel me to give my hand to a man with whom I never can be happy."

"God forbid!" cried the benevolent colonel, taking her words in a literal sense; "if I have been mistaken, if you do not love him, there is an end of the matter."

Our poor Cecilia had still a severe trial to go through: her rejection of Sir Charles, though it gave new life to the hopes of Emily, did but little towards fulfilling them. Cecilia saw that her sacrifice was but half complete, and that if she would secure the happiness of Emily, she must prevent Sir Charles from discontinuing his visits. Will not our fair readers appreciate her heroism as highly as we do, when we tell them, that for more then two years she laboured incessantly, but cautiously, to call Sir Charles's attention to the charms and the talents of Emily; who, unconscious of the preference which Cecilia gave the baronet, attributed her altered looks, caused by nights spent in tears, to ill health, and devoted herself to her comfort with the most amiable solicitude?

To this solicitude it was probably owing, in the first instance, that Emily, whom he had hitherto regarded merely as a beautiful child, struck Sir Charles as possessing a degree of feeling and sensibility beyond her years; every day she appeared more interesting in his eyes, and at the end of the time we have mentioned, he offered her his hand, and the last great trial of Cecilia was to witness their marriage.

In a few days after it had been celebrated, Colonel Mortimer, who had for some time penetrated into the motives of Cecilia's conduct, proposed to accompany her on a continental tour. Her health was his ostensible reason, but there was something in his manner, which, without wounding the delicacy of Cecilia, convinced her, that her secret was discovered, and the greatness of her sacrifice properly appreciated. Say, ye few grateful and generous hearts, who are capable of immolating your tenderest feelings on the altar of gratitude, was she not rewarded?

In less than two years the colonel and his *protégée* returned to England. Cecilia had conquered her passion, and recovered her health and bloom, but she still continues unmarried, and witnessing the happiness of her friends the Delworths, and smoothing the down-hill of life to her revered benefactor, she enjoys that pure and solid happiness, which must always, in well-regulated minds, spring from the performance of our duties.

HISTORY OF LANCELOT LITTLEWIT.

THE hero of our tale was distinguished, even from his infancy, for qualities which render a man easy and pleasant to live with, but which are of no use to him in pushing his fortune in life. He was the second son of an eminent pawnbroker, who rose in the world solely by the strictest attention to the old proverb, "a penny saved is a penny gained," a maxim which he took every opportunity of impressing upon the minds of his two sons. The eldest, a plodding stupid boy, entered readily into his father's ideas, and soon became his favourite; but Lancelot, who was of a lively and thoughtless disposition, could not be made to comprehend the importance of the old saw which was always in his father's mouth; and from the time the old man discovered his son's incapacity to appreciate properly the wisdom of his favourite axiom, he set him down for a stupid blockhead, who would never make his way in the world.

As old Littlewit's ideas were exceedingly confined, he considered that having his children taught to read and write was giving them education enough; for, as he said, he never knew any body get rich by *larning*. It happened that a distant relation of his, who had himself received a tolerable education, and who was of a liberal turn, took a fancy to Lancelot, and, finding that he really possessed some genius, he soon contrived to give him a smattering of science: a circumstance which turned out very unlucky for poor Lancelot, who speedily became so enamoured of the Muses, that he paid no attention to any thing else; and his father having one day detected him perusing Virgil, when he ought to have been employed in studying Cocker's *Arithmetic*, declared, in a rage, that he was an incorrigible idiot, who never would make his way in the world.

As the old gentleman, however, had some sense of the duty of a parent, he made two or three attempts to reform his son; but finding the young man incorrigible, he speedily desisted from throwing away his time, because it was a maxim of his never to lose any thing, and while he was arguing with his ungracious boy he might be turning the penny. Accordingly Lancelot was suffered to go on as he liked, and he passed his time very much to his own satisfaction in the perusal of the best authors; but these happy days had a speedy termination: old Mr. Littlewit died, and bequeathed his whole fortune, amounting to forty thousand pounds, to his eldest son. We should, however, except one shilling which he left to Lancelot, assigning as a reason for it in his will, that it would be of no use to give more to a man who had not sense enough ever to make his way in the world.

This unexpected and severe blow would have totally sunk the spirits of some men, but it had little effect upon Lancelot. He was then very young, not much more than twenty, and that, it must be confessed, is not the age of prudence or reflection. "Common justice," thought he, "will induce my bro-

ther to bestow upon me some small share of our father's property, and very little indeed will suffice to enable me to enjoy retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books." He was, however, mistaken with regard to his brother. "'Tis a shame," said he, "that you should have lived in idleness so long, and it is high time for you to exert yourself to earn a living: if I saw that you were industrious, I might be willing to assist you; and, as I want a clerk, if you chuse to renounce idleness and apply strictly to business, I'll give you thirty pounds a year and your board."

Lancelot rejected this *fraternal* proposal with contempt; and his brother, in consequence, told all their mutual friends, that he had done every thing in his power to save him from ruin, but it was to no purpose, for he was idle, obstinate, and conceited; in short, he was decidedly a man who would never make his way in the world.

The old bachelor who had taken upon himself the care of Lancelot's education had died a short time before, leaving his favourite all he possessed: the sum was, however, too small to be of any real use to him, and every day diminished it. How to dispose of himself now became an object of poor Lancelot's serious contemplation. He had for some time been much enamoured with Miss Parmesan, the daughter of an eminent cheesemonger in his neighbourhood, and had celebrated her perfections in more than one sonnet to Celia, which was her poetic appellation. From her gracious reception of his sonnets, as well as her general behaviour, Lancelot had reason to believe his fair Celia looked upon him with a favourable eye: it was true that she had never owned her predilection, but she always declared she hated coquetry; that she thought a woman must be devoid of delicacy who accepted any man's attentions, and suffered him to dangle after her, if she did not mean to reward his passion; that, for her part, she thought such behaviour unpardonable. Besides these sentiments, which were strongly in his favour, since she appeared to receive his attentions with pleasure, she frequently declaimed against mercenary wedlock, and protested she would have a man whom she loved, if he had not a shilling in the world. Lancelot had no doubt that this charming disinterested creature would rejoice in an opportunity of proving the purity and sincerity of her love, and he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to her and the Muses. Accordingly he lost no time in making proposals in form to his fair mistress, who listened to his raptures with a degree of coolness which mortified him not a little. When he had ended, she assured him she was very sensible of the honour he did her, but her fortune would depend in some measure upon her papa; and she was certain he would never consent to her marriage with any man who had neither property nor talents to make his way in the world.

Lancelot bore this disappointment with great good humour, for he consoled himself with the reflection, that if he had lost a rich wife, it was pretty clear he had not lost a good one: but it was

absolutely necessary to do something immediately; and Lancelot deliberated so long upon what that something should be, that he had changed his last guinea, and, what was worse, got considerably in debt, before he was able to make choice of a profession: at last he determined to turn author. No sooner did his creditors hear that he had formed this resolution, than they hastened to arrest him, being certain, as they said, that if they waited to be paid from the produce of his brain, they would never get their money, for the trade of an author was the last any man would chuse who had a mind to make his way in the world. Shut up in his little apartment in the King's Bench, poor Lancelot had leisure enough to woo the Muses; but they, like mortal *belles*, did not appear inclined to extend their favours to a child of poverty; and, though he laboured incessantly, he could not produce any poetic effusion which promised, even in his own partial opinion, to procure him a wreath of bays, or, what was much more important, a little ready money.

Driven thus from the field of poetry, Lancelot determined to try his talents in prose composition; and accordingly he composed two essays, the one grave, the other humorous, which he determined to send to a bookseller of eminence: but as he had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman in the Bench, who appeared to be of a literary turn, he wished first to have his opinion of them.

"I like the style of this light essay very much," cried his friend, after he had perused it, "but it won't answer any purpose to write essays now; they are things that nobody reads. I have something in my head, though, that I think might be of service to you: take no step in this business before to-morrow; and if you will come and breakfast with me, I think we shall be able to arrange a plan for our mutual advantage."

This conversation raised Lancelot's spirits very high, and he waited for the next day with great impatience. The smile with which his friend received him argued well. "I have thoroughly digested my plan," cried he, "and I think I shall be able to put a tolerable sum in your pocket. You must know that I have in my possession a few facts relative to a certain great man, you understand me, a nice little bit of scandal. I will find incident, you shall find language; and I think we may vamp up a couple of volumes, which I shall publish under some striking title as my own work. I shall advertise it as containing the Secret Memoirs of ———. Leave the public to guess at the dashes and stars, for we must take care of the law you know; I'll answer for it the thing will sell, and we shall divide the profits."

"I must beg to be excused," cried Lancelot; "I never will consent to such a prostitution of the few talents with which Heaven has endowed me. A highwayman is an honourable character compared to authors of this description. How could I in conscience attempt to blacken the private character of a man of whom I know nothing? You say you are in possession of facts; but even so, what right"——

"I see," cried his friend, interrupting him, "that we have completely misunderstood each other; I took you for a man who knew the world. Conscience, indeed! who the deuce ever heard of a man without a shilling in his pocket, refuse such an offer on account of his conscience? Why, sir, you could not have appeared more alarmed if I had asked you to commit murder. I am very sorry for you, for I see plainly you are one who will never make his way in the world."

Lancelot wished the gentleman good morning, and hastened to send his essays to the bookseller, who was pleased with his style, and sincerely compassionated his situation. With a degree of philanthropy which did him honour, he advanced the money necessary to liberate Lancelot, on condition of being repaid from the produce of his literary labours; a condition to which poor Littlewit joyfully subscribed. He immediately set about the work proposed to him, with equal industry and pleasure; and though he is never likely to acquire any great portion of either fame or fortune, yet his literary labours furnish him with the decent comforts of life. Though poor, he is contented; and when the labour of the day is over, and he sits of an evening enjoying a social hour with those few friends whose regard has been proof against the chilling influence of misfortune, he does not regret being one of those who never make their way in the world.

COGITATIONS OF JOANNES SCRIBLERUS.

'Tis this that causes and foments the evil,
And gives us pleasure mixt with pain.—R. WYNNE.

AMONG the many wise sayings which we are constantly in the habit of taking upon trust, perhaps there is not one more devoid of truth than that common-place opinion, "that the marriage state is either a life of unalloyed happiness or of the most extreme misery; and that every other state in which we are involved, has its chances and changes of fortune, save that which, of all others, is most dependent on circumstances for both extremes of human feeling." All our professions and employments, say the supporters of the doctrine of happiness or misery in the married life, have their sweets and bitters variously and in turns allotted them; and shall the wedded state, a state of all others more various in its causes and consequences, and dependent as it is upon two persons for fortuitous and baneful effects—is this situation, I say, less accessible to the varieties of pleasure and pain, because it is more likely to admit both, and in constant succession? I conceive this idea of the marriage state as a state of either happiness or misery, to be a theory as false as it is mischievous; inasmuch as it may conduce to cause the young wedded pair, on the discovery of mutual failings, to imagine, that the dear, the sweet, but unreal bubble of happiness in which they had fondly indulged, has burst for ever; that all the sweet socia-

bilities and endearments of life had vanished to make way for consequent misery, because the tempest for a while had deformed the serenity of that landscape, on which no dews were ever expected to descend; and that, because the heavens were for a while under the dominion of the deluge, the sunshine of happiness had fled for ever. Thus, conceiving themselves fatally convinced that the one state of matrimony is not to be theirs, they become careless of gaining that state of content which mutual efforts might achieve; because, as the marriage state admits of no medium, and they have lost their expected happiness, misery of course must be their portion for ever. Human nature is composed altogether of such heterogeneous particles, of such prejudices and predilections, that what it grasps at one day as its supreme good, to-morrow will see it reject. These sources of apparent discontent, which may impede matrimonial happiness, will quickly vanish by the aid of reason and good sense, which will reconcile us to the most uncongenial habits, and in time lead us to adopt those which we once utterly rejected; that is, if we are determined to make the best of a state from which we cannot get free: but if we imagine that our circumstances are too unhappy to be mended, we, of course, consider it unnecessary to try for a result which we are convinced in our own minds can never follow the experiment.

It is a fact, as true as it is melancholy, that as there is no situation so difficult of access to happiness as the marriage state, so there is no circumstance that we adopt with so little caution as the wedded life. When the sexes come together, when mutual presentiments and mutual predilections once take root in sympathetic hearts, it evidently seems,

> That the pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat.

Man indeed, generally speaking, is less apt to conceal his vices than woman; because the *joys* of the bottle, or the dicer's oaths, with other vicious inclinations, bear down in the torrent, even before the woman he adores, every attempt and precaution which would thwart them: while in the female, those *amiable weaknesses*, which afterwards make the marriage state so miserable, are more calm in their proceedings, and, from the nature of their education, more subtly concealed. Yet it must be acceded, that a man may not be a notorious libertine, and yet the slave of sordid and quiet vices, which, during the noviciate of matrimony, may be concealed; but which, at a future time, burst forth with increased strength, involving the partner of his fate in neglect and misery.

Woman, lovely, or more worthily to eulogize you, I would call you angelic woman! ye who temper us with your own sweet dispositions, and sway us when ye chuse with the hand of love, believe not for a moment, that matrimony is a state of misery! If the mist which swam before your eyes in those hours when love strewed your path with roses, has now, alas! disappeared; if the heart you have taken in exchange for your own be not abandoned indeed, do not despair! Let him who promised to cherish you, have no

cause to reproach you; let the smitings of his own conscience be his only correction for throwing away those hours which should have been yours alone. Self-reproaches will come, and then your triumph will be more complete and more honourable to you, than all the victories you could have gained by thwarted plans, discontented acquiescences, and cool adoptions. On our entrance into the marriage state some few *peccadilloes* will probably be to be settled, mutual likings and dislikings to be conquered and adopted. The struggles for mastery, however, in that couple who value their own happiness, must become weaker and weaker every day; but the level of each others prejudices being found, their land-marks must be respected, and where a victory is gained, such a victory must be used with moderation. In the marriage state, amid the many pleasures of reciprocity of sentiment, and the delight of knowing that we possess the heart of one person at least, to whom our interests are dear and inseparable, many causes may arise of serious annoyance—the impertinent interposition of relations, the interference of unwise persons, may ruffle either sex. But these storms will soon be dissipated when both wish to return to their duty; and the lake will become more pellucid when tempests have ceased to vex its bosom. I remember a man, whom, as it was presumed, no circumstances could reform, no wife could bring back to his allegiance, when, at length, her good sense completed what he had the whole of his life endeavoured to prevent —a reconciliation. Fortunately for her (I say fortunately, because it was the means of her future happiness), he lost at cards a very large sum of money, and she, who had heard of it unawares, was the first who offered him consolation. He entered one day a room of company composed of some of the worst part of his own sex, with one also of the other, who had robbed her who alone really loved him, if not of affection, yet of his company, and exclaimed, "Here I have a letter from my wife!" What could excite, in such a company, more merriment than this! He readily joined in the laugh, but quickly stopped on arriving at these words: —"Yes, I condole with you on your loss, because I know it pains you acutely. Nevertheless, if it help to restore me to your affection, I shall rejoice, even though your love be stript of the splendour of riches. Give, then, once more your confidence alone to one who has never abused it, and seek a mitigation of your grief in bringing up our children usefully and religiously. You have long, I fear, been a stranger to repose: seek it then where it is only to be found, in the bosom of your still affectionate and dutiful wife." He did attempt to join in the laugh of the fiends who surrounded him; but the following day he asked the forgiveness of her, who alone was worthy of an excellent heart, depraved, it is true, for a time by false morals, but a heart which she knew, however she might lose it by just upbraidings, was still worth redeeming by kindness, and worth possessing by forbearance. But I am entering into a detail of matrimonial unhappiness, when I meant

only to paint it accompanied alike with pain and pleasure. I shall therefore end this cogitation, for once, with an effusion, in which truth is not sacrificed to poetical licence.

ALL THIS IT IS TO WED.

To know that merry moments fly,
And not to tell how hours go by,
To hear from lips no bitter sigh,
But all around see cheerily—
All this it is to wed,

To feel the moments drearily,
And pass the days all wearily,
Or view the eye-beam tearfully,
And dread each second fearfully—
All this it is to wed.

To see the smile of blythest glee,
And catch the kiss that's lent to thee,
The love that's from delusion free,
And wear the heart of constancy—
All this it is to wed.

To pore o'er scenes by nature drest,
To see the sun-beam sink to rest,
Or view the moon-ray from the breast
Of those we love, and own we're blest—
All this it is to wed.

To feel the moments absence wears,
To own a thousand idle fears,
Our hearts to feel a thousand cares,
And shed alone our bitter tears—
All this it is to wed.

To roam o'er scenes, when love has fled,
With sinking heart and burning head;
To drop the tear for infants dead,
Or view the rose of cherub fled—
All this it is to wed.

But summer's day has sombre cloud,
In spring-time many a breeze blows loud;
The bud has blown that dew-drop bow'd,
And thus I sing to list'ning crowd—
All this it is to wed.

AN EMIGRANT'S VISIT TO FRANCE IN 1815 AND 1816.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

LETTER VI.

C——, near LAVALLE, May 22.

Dear HOWARD,

I AM at this moment seated in a little apartment furnished so completely in the English style, that when I first entered it, I could scarcely help fancying myself once more in London. The date of my letter will tell you I am at present with our friend Clairon, who has been some time returned to his former parish, having prevailed on the incumbent to resign it for a much better living, which was offered to Clairon, but he declined it for the sake of returning to his former parishioners. He shed tears in relating to me the manner in which those worthy people received him: it is true, that the interval of twenty-five years has terribly thinned his old congregation, but the young men and maidens who have grown up in his absence, were taught by their parents to love and reverence the good pastor whose loss they always deplored. Such of the old inhabitants as are still alive, have taken care of the furniture and effects which belonged to the abbé; which they divided into small lots, each of them secreting what he could; and improbable as the return of their pastor appeared, every thing of his has been preserved with scrupulous honesty. Happy would it be for France if all her peasantry resembled those of this village!

Clairon, who has acquired, as he says, a taste for comfort in England, has laid out part of the mo-

ney he saved there, in fitting up his parsonage in the English style. Sandford owns that his bedchamber, which looks into a most delightful garden, is *almost* as neat and pleasant as the one he occupied in London. I have something to tell you of Sandford, which I think will raise him in your esteem, as it has done in mine. When the day of our departure from Paris was fixed, he said it would be inconvenient for him to quit it for a few days longer; and nearly a fortnight elapsed without his being able to inform me when he would be ready to go: during this time he frequently went out alone, which he had never done before. One morning Monsieur C—, whose excessive frivolity has induced Sandford to nickname him the *Prince of Puppies*, called upon me, and after inquiring for Sandford, who was absent, asked me with much significance, when we began our journey: I told him I did not know, as it depended on Sandford, who had, I believed, some business to settle before he left Paris. "And pray," said C—, with an arch smile, "has he informed you of the nature of the business?"—"No," cried I; "why do you ask?"—"Because I should have liked to know whether one could get a peep at the fair lady that detains him." Upon this I desired an explanation, and C— informed me, that Sandford had been seen several times at a small mean house in the *rue* * * * *, which was inhabited by different families, some of whom had pretty daughters, and with one of them Sandford was supposed, from the frequency of his visits, to have an intrigue. I laughed at this tale, and assigned humanity as a much more probable cause for his visits; but C— declared, that the families who inhabited the house were none of them objects of charity: "and besides," added he, "if that was the case, why not bestow his bounty at once, and quit Paris as he intended to do some time ago?" Finding, however, that he could not bring me over to his opinion, he quitted me in a huff. Though surprised at Sandford's conduct, I was wholly incredulous as to the cause assigned for it; I knew that gallantry never was a foible of his, and French ladies in particular are his aversion. Next day, however, C— called upon me, and desired me, if I wished to be convinced of the truth of what he had told me, to accompany him. You may suppose I had curiosity sufficient to accept his invitation, and we went together to the house opposite to that which Sandford visits, where, stationing ourselves at a front window, we soon saw him rap at the door: he was immediately admitted, and directly entered an apartment opposite to the one in which we were. A tall female figure rose from a sofa on his entrance, and advanced a few steps to meet him; but he ran forward, and taking her hand, reseated her on the sofa, and placed himself beside her: they appeared to converse with earnestness, and Sandford staid more than an hour. I was really vexed at this unexpected sight, and I certainly did not bear the raillery of C— on my incredulity with perfect good humour. I pictured to myself Sandford in the hands of a low, artful, and rapacious woman, who would probably take advantage of his

open, generous temper to plunder him without mercy. Had he been a young man, I would have remonstrated with him; but as it was, I did not see how I could interfere in the business, without being guilty of great impertinence. Monsieur C—, who was not as it seems troubled with any delicate scruples, called on us in the evening, and rallied Sandford most unmercifully on the scene which we had witnessed in the morning. Sandford's only reply was an angry "Pshaw!" and I was entirely silent. The moment C— was gone, he asked me whether I really could believe what that puppy had been saying.

"Why, upon my word," cried I, "I don't know what to think; appearances are certainly against you, and"——

"There!" cried he interrupting me, "there's French charity for you! You saw me enter a lady's apartment and converse with her, and you are told that I am known to frequent the house; and on the strength of this, you give me credit for an intrigue with her. Why a jury of old maids, censorious as they are, in England, would have shewn me more mercy. I can forgive C— for trumping up this story, because scandal is necessary to his existence; but you, you who ought to know me so well, what could induce you to believe, that, after resisting the soft smiles and genuine roses of English beauty, I could be duped by a French grisette? Oh, fie!"--As I saw there was nothing serious in the affair, I begged him to tell me how it happened, that his acquaintance with the lady was kept secret, and I will give you his reasons in his own words.

"The Marquis d'O— was one of those nobles who emigrated early in the Revolution: enthusiastically attached to the cause of the Bourbons, he preferred poverty and exile to the restoration of some part at least of his property, which he might have had if he would have returned to France, and taken the oaths of allegiance to Napoleon. Some time previous to the king's restoration, he died, and left his widow in great distress: however, when Louis was restored, she raised a little money to carry her to Paris, where she had no doubt of speedily obtaining restitution of a part at least of her property; but she found it had all been sold, and that the number of claimants on the king's bounty was so great, that she had but little chance of having her claims attended to. A handsome young Frenchwoman under such circumstances might have contrived to interest people for her, but *Madame la Marquise* was sixty-seven, as proud as Lucifer, and has as little notion of asking a favour as if she had never set foot in a court in her life. She declared she demanded only justice, and if there was any honesty among those entrusted with the administration of the laws, they would grant it. I leave you to judge whether this was the way to succeed. The poor *marquise*, at the end of a few weeks, was reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty, and in bad health besides. The daughter of my hair-dresser, Lebrun, attends upon her, and my man Peter having taken it into his head to pay his addresses to the girl, she related the *marquise's* misfortunes to him, and from him they came round to me. Common hu-

manity required that I should assist her, but I did not know how to go about it; she had a strong dislike to obligation, and a sovereign contempt for any one connected with trade. There is a vulgar proverb, that hunger will break through stone walls; but from what I heard of her, I was not certain that even hunger would conquer her horror of obligation to a man whose father was a merchant. At last, after turning the matter in fifty ways, a thought struck me. I waited upon her, and, to say the truth, was received with *hauteur* enough: but perhaps this very pride, so repulsive to others, was one cause of the interest I felt for her. The good people of Paris have put me out of humour with politeness; they load you with attentions and civilities which mean nothing; for as to any thing like truth and sincerity——but I beg your pardon for this digression; let us return to the *marquise*. She begged I would inform her as concisely as possible of my business, as the state of her health did not permit her to converse much. I made up a serious face, told her I was in the habit of lending money, and knowing some time would probably elapse before she regained possession of her property, I would lend her a certain sum, to be repaid with interest when that event took place. The poor woman took all possible pains to convince me there was a possibility of her never being able to repay me; but I assured her, I had taken the greatest pains to investigate the matter, and I was convinced it would be amply in her power. We argued the point, however, a long time before I could bring her to my opinion, and after I had, as I fancied, convinced her I spoke the truth, there was another difficulty to be got over: she must have a bond properly drawn up, and every thing executed in form, lest I should suffer, as she said, for my generosity. This last word seemed to stick in her throat a little though. I could hardly help laughing, provoked as I was at this obstacle being thrown in the way. However, I promised to have a bond drawn, and every thing done as it should be; and I actually took one with me on my next visit: but as ill luck would have it, Lebrun's daughter contrived, by listening I suppose, to inform herself of what had passed between the *marquise* and me, and told Peter the whole story. The stupid fellow, indignant at my being taken for a money-lender, assured the girl that she must either have been mistaken, or else I had imposed upon her mistress; for he knew I never lent money in that manner: and besides, he had heard a lawyer tell me, the *marquise* would never have a sixpence. The girl lost no time in conveying this *agreeable* information to *madame*, who, on my second visit, received me in such a manner as would have prevented my paying a third, had I not been resolved to serve her in spite of herself; in short, my friend, after an infinity of trouble, I got her to condescend to owe an obligation to the son of an English *négociant*: however, it was only this morning that the business was finally settled, and I meant to have arranged with you to night the time of our departure from Paris."

"Dear Sandford," cried I, "I am ashamed of my credulity, and

I have to request your forgiveness for it. C— will be completely mortified when he hears how much you have the laugh against us."

"But he must not hear it," cried he hastily: "I would not for the world that it should be known my visits were to the *marquise;* as, if the truth was by any accident discovered, I know that her feelings would be so hurt, that I should not wonder if the mortification to her pride cost her her life. So pray leave me to the mercy of that coxcomb; he will soon forget the circumstance when I am out of his sight, and I suppose we may now set off in a day or two for Clairon's."

As I was quite ready to depart, we left Paris the next day. You may suppose I said no more on the subject to Sandford, but the delicacy with which he has administered to the wants of this poor *marquise,* a delicacy so little to be expected from one of his rough character and blunt manners, has raised him higher than ever in my esteem. There is a little estate to be sold in this neighbourhood, and as I have no ties to Paris, I think I shall purchase it; but prior to my doing so, I must revisit England, which I mean to do in about six weeks. It is my intention, as long as my health permits, to pass every year three months in London, and the other nine here. Clairon bids me tell you the only ornament his parsonage wants in his eyes, is the presence of a few of those English friends whom his misfortunes raised for him: need I add, that you are one of those most highly esteemed, and most deeply regretted, both by him, and by your sincerely attached,

DE GRAMMONT.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE OF OVID'S EXILE.

THE circumstance of Ovid's banishment forms one of the most interesting events in classic history, and neither the cause nor place of his exile has been hitherto generally known.

The town which the Romans called Julia Alba, and the Moldavians now style Czetate Alba, in Lower Moldavia, is remarkable for the exile of the famous poet Ovid; and a lake there is still known by the name of Lacul Ovidulvi, the Lake of Ovid. This delightful author, whose memory will be ever dear to lovers and poets, being banished to the savage country of the Getes, now Moldavia, lived some time in Czetate Alba, and then retired to a village three leagues distant, whose ruins still remain. Near the cottage where he dwelt is a small fountain, which, as well as the lake, bears his name, on whose banks he used very frequently to walk. An inhabitant of the country assured me, that he composed many poems in the Moldavian language. I did all in my power to procure at least some fragments of them, but to no purpose. The memory of this great man has left such an impression on the people of this country as to make them vain of it. They say, by tradition, that there came from the banks of the Tiber an extraordinary man, who had the gentleness of a child,

and the goodness of a parent; that this man sighed incessantly, and sometimes talked to himself, but that when he spoke to any one honey seemed to flow from his mouth. The place which Ovid inhabited is calculated to inspire the profoundest sorrow. I could not take a view of it without emotion. Methought I saw his manes sometimes on the hills and in the neighbouring woods; sometimes I heard him sighing under the shade of a sycamore near his beloved fountain; a crowd of Cupids in tears seemed to lurk in all the corners of this rural retreat, and there to wait for the waking of the divine bard. Let lovers and poets figure to themselves, in spring, a plain enamelled with flowers, its whole length divided and crossed by a lake half a league in compass, and bordered by a chain of hills of unequal heights, covered with linden-trees, crabs, wild almonds, and large oaks, thrown in confusion one across the other, pressing, as it were, to offer their verdure and fruit to the enchanted eye of the spectator; let the eager sight trace towards the point where the morning dawns, a valley, sloping to the border of the lake, and flanked on each side by two hills, shaded by vines and shrubs: there, near a stream, which meandering loses itself in the lake, is a clump of linden-trees, in whose shade was the cottage of the divine poet. There his enchanting lyre breathed forth the verses with which love and sweet melancholy had inspired him; there, without doubt, he forgot with a cool disdain the deceitful delights of a corrupt and ungrateful court, where Virgil and Horace could only support themselves by raising to the clouds the colossus of a tyrant, and by bending their knees every moment before him. I am surprised that the Princes Demetrius Cantemir and Nicholas Maurocordatus, who, of all the sovereigns of this country, were the most intelligent, did not erect a monument in memory of that great poet, who honoured their dismal country with his misfortunes and sighs. The time may possibly come, when some prince, a friend to the arts and genius, will discharge so just a debt.

SOMERSET.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. VI.

What, strike a woman? Palsied be the coward hand that aims a blow, where it should afford protection, and bestow caresses!——BEN JONSON.

I could not find in my heart to curse the devil so.——UNCLE TOBY.

PERIANDER of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left the following maxim as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence: "Be master of your anger." That philosopher thought that he could not lay a stronger obligation on posterity to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion. Pride is undoubtedly its parent, and teaches its offspring, by its own example, to counteract its object, and pervert its own purposes.

Men of a passionate temper,

observes Dr. Johnson, are frequently not without understanding or virtue; and are, therefore, not always treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them might justly provoke. They have obtained a kind of prescription for their folly, and are considered by their companions as under a predominant influence, that leaves them masters neither of their conduct nor language, and as rushing into mischief with a mist before their eyes. They are therefore rather pitied than censured; and their sallies are passed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the spasms of a convulsion.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the Duke of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. Such is the round of a passionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to discharge at the return of his reason. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, in committing injury and making reparation.

Men of hot and fiery tempers are desirous of vengeance the very moment they apprehend themselves to be injured; whereas the cool and sedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to the offender. Weak minds are apt to reflect with some degree of favour on the man of fury, because, when the storm is over, he is ready to display contrition and practise repentance: and certainly this kind of hasty resentment is less criminal than a cool, slow, deliberate malice. The one is boisterous and gentle by fits; your enemy this moment, and your friend the next: while the other, wrapt up in gloomy preparation, perpetrates his malice, and continues to joy in the misery he has occasioned. The latter is a cowardly man; the former a generous brute. If he may be considered as unfortunate, who cannot be certain but that he may do something the next minute which he shall lament during his life, what shall we think of him who has a soul so infected, that he cannot be happy until he has made another miserable? What tumult may we suppose to be perpetually raging in his breast! What dark stratagems, unworthy designs, inhuman wishes, and cruel resolutions! A snake, curled in intricate folds, and ready to dart on its prey, is the emblem by which I would chuse to illustrate the image before me. Were I to chuse an enemy, should I wish for one that would stab me suddenly, or one that would give me an Italian poison, subtle and lingering, yet as fatal in its final effects as the stiletto—what must be that mind that will not instantly make the choice?

But let us proceed a step farther in the slow passage of revenge, and complete its enormity. While we give vengeance the form of a man, let us make its object a woman—yes, a woman, whom it is happiness to love, courage to protect, and virtue to forgive. Honour trembles, while every grace and courtesy of life disappears, when the mind of man contemplates vengeance on woman.

What inclined me at present to

write on this subject, was the sight of a poetic effusion, that has for some time attracted the public attention, as well as, I should hope, a very general abhorrence; and appears to have been composed in the true spirit of vindictive anger against one of my own sex. The author, to extend the effects of his mischief, has made it public. If, however, vanity should have a share in its notoriety, I shall beg leave to tell him and his readers, that he is neither so original nor so unrivalled in his hatred of a woman as he may wish to be thought.

Mr. John Oldham, a poet, who died upwards of an hundred years ago, curses a woman better by half than our modern bard has done. This I have no doubt but I shall be thought to prove by the poem which I am about to offer to my readers. It may be called a magazine of curses, where a man may pick and chuse any plague whatever that he would wish to fall on a poor woman's head. After all, this kind of satire is no more than a bitter, predetermined kind of scolding; and all I have to add is, that, high as his pretensions may be, the poet of the day is, as he will appear to be, but a second-rate scold. F. T.

A SATIRE *upon a Woman, who, by her falsehood and her scorn, was the death of my Friend.*

No, she shall ne'er escape, if gods there be,
Unless they perjur'd grow, and false as she.
Though ill-made law no sentence has ordain'd
For her, no statute has her guilt arraign'd,
Yet think she not she still secure shall prove,
Or that none dare avenge an injur'd love:
I rise in judgment, and will be to her
Both witness, judge, and executioner.
Arm'd with dire satire, and resentful spite,
I come to haunt her with the ghosts of wit.
My ink, unbid, starts out, and flies on her,
Like blood upon some touching murderer;
And should that fail, rather than want, I would,
Like hags, to curse her, write in mine own blood.

Ye spiteful powers, if any there can be,
That boast a worse and keener spite than me,
Assist with malice and your mighty aid
My sworn revenge, and help me rhyme her dead;
Grant my rank hate may such strong poison cast,
That every breath may taint, and rot, and blast,
Till one large gangrene quite o'erspread her fame
With foul contagion, till her odious name,
Spit at and curst by ev'ry mouth like mine,
Be terror to herself and all her line.

Vilest of that damn'd sex which damn'd us all,
Ordain'd to cause, and plague us for, our fall—
Woman! nay worse, for she can nought be said,
But mummy by some devil inhabited:
Not made in heaven's mint, but basely coin'd,
She wears a human image on a fiend:
Her soul, if any soul in her there be,
By hell was breathed into her in a lie.
Early in falsehood, at her font she lied,
And should e'en then for perjury be tried:
Her conscience, stretch'd and open as the stews,
But laughs at oaths, and plays with solemn vows:—
Less guilt than hers, less breach of oath and word,
Has stood aloft, and look'd through penance-board.

But since her guilt description does outgo,
I'll try if it outstrip my curses too;
Curses, which may they equal my just hate,
My wish and her desert, be each so great,
Each heard like prayers, and Heaven make them fate.
Her credit, honour, portion, health, may those
Prove light and frail as her broke faith and vows!
Some base, unnam'd disease her carcase foul,
And make her body ugly as her soul!
Cankers and ulcers eat her, till she be
Shunn'd like infection, loath'd like infamy!
Strength quite expir'd, may she alone retain
The snuff of life, and then unquench'd remain,
As in the damn'd, to keep her fresh for pain.
In fine, that I all curses may complete,
For I've but curst in jest, but railed yet,

Whate'er the sex deserves, or feels, or fears,
May all those plagues be hers, and only hers.
What losing gamesters vent, what curses e'er
Are spoke by sinners, raving in despair,
All these fall on her, as they're all her due,
Till spite cant think, nor Heaven inflict anew.
May then, for once I will be kind, and pray,
No madness take her use of sense away,
But may she in full strength of reason be,
To feel and understand her misery,
Plagu'd so, till she think damning a release,
And humbly pray to go to hell for ease.
Yet may not all these suff'rings here atone
Her sin, and may she still go sinning on;
Tick up in perjury, and run o'the score,
Till on her soul she can get trust no more:
Then may she stupid and repentless die,
And Heav'n itself forgive no more than I,
And so be damn'd of mere necessity.

The writer of these verses was born in 1653. He received his academical education at Edmund Hall, Oxford; was patronised by the Earls of Rochester and Dorset; and died in 1683. His works have been printed in three volumes 8vo.

I am very sensible of the communications made me by a correspondent who addresses me in a very flattering manner, under the title of *Cornelia;* but it is impossible for me to comply in its full extent with her proposition. Her lucubrations are on very interesting subjects, and written with great elegance, as well as replete with impressive sentiments; but they are too extensive for the purpose of the FEMALE TATTLER. I really think that it would not be doing them justice to divide them, as I must do, to suit them to this work; and that the object of the excellent and ingenious writer would be better answered, and her own merit in the composition be better displayed, if she were to publish them in a small volume, which I have no doubt would become a popular book of instruction with all those who have an interest (and who has not a deep one?) in female education, and whatever relates to the improvement of the female mind. At the same time, if she will consent to my making such selections as may be conformable to my views, and allow me the liberty of shaping them to the space which is allotted to me, I shall consider myself as deriving from her papers a very reputable advantage to myself, and the means of affording the best instruction and the most rational entertainment to my fair readers. If I should be favoured with her indulgent permission in this particular, my next paper will contain her thoughts on Female Attachments, and the affecting story with which she has illustrated a too frequent consequence of an unreflecting, hasty, and too fond formation of them.

I beg leave to inform my quizzing correspondent, *the Curious Philosopher*, that I am a well-educated, but liberal Protestant, and never go to confession. Whether I am a mother or a grandmother, a wife or an old maid, I shall not communicate to him. But this I shall say, that I should be sorry to be the parent of such a vulgar, impertinent, and indelicate booby, as from his very silly letter, to say no worse of it, I shall without hesitation determine him to be.

Dulness with rapture eyed the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring, that herself was pertness once.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Dr. Arnold and Dr. Calcott's celebrated Collection of the Psalms of David for the use of Parish Churches, with a Selection from various Authors, arranged for one Voice, and adapted for the Organ or Piano-Forte. Book I. Pr. 8s.

MESSRS. GOULDING and Co. are the publishers of this truly valuable collection of psalm tunes, the greatest part of which are by Dr. Calcott, Dr. Arnold, and Handel. The present volume extends to the 74th psalm, and is, we understand, to be followed by two more. In this book, by far the largest number of psalms is of first-rate excellence, a small portion is middling, and three or four only appear liable to decided objection. In No. 6 the progress of some of the harmonies is too glaringly abrupt; No. 21, as here given at least, is very indifferent; the same may be said of Nos. 56, 42, and 51; and No. 37, "by Handel," if composed by him, certainly came not out of his hands in the state in which we here see it. In No. 15 a proper bass seems wanting; and the nature of the solo in No. 66 appears to indicate the want of an accompaniment. With these few exceptions, the whole of the publication claims our most strenuous recommendation, and, above all, the numerous compositions of Dr. Calcott which it contains. No. 4 is eminently beautiful, particularly on account of the fugued passages. Nos. 7, 11, and 14, are also extremely good; Nos. 23, 31, and 38, excellent; and No. 69, by Graun, is a model of purity and of pathetic expression; and Nos. 70, 71, and 74, by Calcott, may challenge competition with the most favoured works of Hasse and Pergolesi. In this rapid sketch of some of the most prominently attractive compositions in this collection, we are aware that many not noticed by us deserve equally the attention of the lover of sacred music; but our room is too scantily measured to do justice to all, where the candidates in the scale of merit are so numerous. The same collection, we observe from a memorandum on the title-page, is also published in three or four parts, for the use of country choirs, at the price of 1*l.* 6*s*.

No. XIX. *Circassian Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, Harp, Flute, and Violoncello, composed, and inscribed to Miss Georgina Charlotte Nugent*, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.

Mr. Mazzinghi seems determined to make the grand tour in search of national airs for his collection of variations. We have hitherto followed him with pleasure, and certainly should regret an early termination of the journey. The Circassian air, which he gives us at the 19th stage of his progress, however simple in melody, possesses a certain degree of peculiar originality which renders it highly attractive. The variations, as in former numbers, are not detached from each other, but follow in irregular succession. Their merit is not inferior to their predecessors; and in saying thus much, we express to the fullest extent the favourable opinion to which they lay claim. In those parts where

the left hand represents the theme, Mr. M. has, on this occasion, been conspicuously successful; and the quick action of the right, from *p.* 7 to the end, produces spirited bustle, richness of effect, and great brilliancy in the conclusion. The piano-forte is, as usual, so arranged as to admit of the absence of all the other instruments.

The New Tout-Ensemble for the Piano-Forte, consisting of favourite Selections from the Works of various Composers. No. I. Pr. 2s. 6d.

As the above title is sufficiently explanatory of the nature of this publication, we shall only add, that the present number contains a charming, but rather difficult, rondo (in F), from the 8th sonata of Mr. Ries. An indispensable violin accompaniment belongs to it, of which it would have been desirable to have given the whole, instead of adding only the obligato passages at the top of the staves of the piano-forte part.

Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Lady Elizabeth Maitland Campbell, by G. E. Griffin. Pr. 3s.

If we can trust to our memory, this is a portion of an earlier work of Mr. Griffin's, now published in this detached form. As good music can never be too widely circulated, we are far from objecting to this mode of republishing classic works. In this instance, in particular, the slow movement, as well as the rondo, are so replete with every thing that is good and masterly in harmony, and form together so complete a whole, that we are sure the advanced scholar cannot but derive the highest delight and improvement from the study of the few pages here presented to him.

A third celebrated Symphony, composed by Rosetti, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, by J. Mazzinghi. Piano-forte part, 5s.; accompaniments, 2s.

Mr. Mazzinghi's able and effective adaptation of this symphony calls for the acknowledgment of the piano-forte player. It is one of the finest symphonies we possess, replete with select ideas, excellent harmony, and masterly arrangement of the parts. The piano-forte part is by no means difficult; and the same is the case with the other instruments, which can hardly be considered *ad libitum.* This symphony, we observe, is likewise published by Messrs. Goulding and Co. for one piano-forte only, and also for a full or a small orchestra.

"Hope, smiling, whispers future Joy," a Duet, composed, and dedicated to R. Jager, Esq. by Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. Doc. Pr. 2s.

This duet consists of two movements in E b, an andante, and an allegro. Both are conceived in a pleasing style of chaste melodiousness, but the allegro more particularly distinguishes itself by its lively and eminently graceful theme, and the various kindred ideas which are successively linked to it. Among those we observe with gratification, the elegant employment of the extreme sixth (*p.* 6); some shewy, but by no means difficult, vocal passages tend to produce a brilliant termination. There are a few er-

rors of the press, which even a common ear will be able to discover and rectify.

The celebrated Duets of "All's well" and "Vive le Roy," from the Opera of the "English Fleet," and the popular Air of the "Opera Hat," arranged for two Flutes, by John Parry. Pr. 2s.

The above several pieces are arranged with propriety, and in an easy style for two flutes; and the air of "All's well" has also been adapted for that ingeniously contrived instrument, the double flageolet. Performers of very limited proficiency will find the whole within the range of their powers.

A seventh Concerto for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a full Orchestra, composed, and dedicated to Miss Emily Gregg, by J. B. Cramer. Op. 56. Pr. 10s. 6d.

If in noticing compositions of this description, our remarks are usually of a more general nature than is the case with works of a less extended compass, the reason, instead of being a lack of matter, is rather, on the one hand, what the French term an *embarras de richesses;* and, on the other, a want of room to stow even the most valuable part of the treasure. This difficulty is felt with increased force in the consideration of a concerto from Mr. Cramer's pen: hence, on the present occasion, our readers will, we trust, require no apology, nor the author think it neglect, if we reluctantly submit to the law of brevity which our space imposes upon us. This concerto consists of three movements, an allegro in E major, a larghetto in C major, and a rondo in E major. The allegro sets out with one of the most charming *tutti* we ever heard; and the solos, into which it branches out, whether we consider the elegance and infinite variety of the passages, the skill in the modulations, or the consummate neatness and purity of the harmonies, leave even to the adept nothing to desire. The slow movement is particularly distinguished by its beautiful and original subject, the delicacy displayed in the solo part deduced from it, and the tasteful and novel cadenza with which it terminates. The theme of the rondo is sprightly; and the different solos attached to it, exhibit the same features of matured perfection that are observable in the solos of the allegro. The part in G major, together with the preparation (*p.* 26) for entering and (*p.* 29) for leaving that key, appear to us one of the most interesting portions of this movement. Although it is natural to expect a trial of skill for both hands in a work of this kind, yet the passages, upon the whole, will be found to be conquerable by students that cannot lay claim to first-rate proficiency, such is the chasteness and the total absence of affected eccentricities which prevail throughout.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Coburg's Grand March, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte by A. Voight. Pr. 2s.

Among three or four compositions that have met our eye with titles similar to the above, this is by far the best. In the first part of the march we observe no new ideas, but there is propriety and symmetrical regularity in the construc-

tion of the whole. The four first bars of the second part do Mr. V. very great credit; the contrapuntal contrivance by which they are eminently distinguished, is a convincing proof of the author's qualification for works of a higher order. The sequel of the second part exhibits some further interesting and effective thoughts, and its termination is brilliant. The trio in four flats is elegant, and well suited to the march itself. The next movement, "alla Turca," in C minor, and in the waltz style, also claims favourable mention. The oddity of the subject is not unpleasing; and the several successive parts, among which we particularly notice the trio in A b, evince inventive fluency and tasteful conception. In the beginning, however, of the part where the left hand imitates the horns, some nakedness prevails; and the conclusion of the movement is too abrupt and unprepared.

The Bugle-Horn, a characteristic Overture for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Clarke, by W. Ling. Op. 15. Pr. 3s.

Mr. Ling's compositions have invariably called for our decided commendation on every occasion that presented itself for introducing them to our readers; and the present overture, although perhaps not holding the first rank among his works, will by no means form an exception. It consists of a slow movement, an allegro, and a waltz, in all which numerous and appropriate imitations of the bugle are judiciously interspersed. The andante is in every respect satisfactory; the subject of the allegro in D major lively and attractive; and the digressive matter devised with taste and with a due attention to variety. Among the modulations, we notice the apt transition to C, *p.* 2; the further progress to E b, *p.* 3; and the neat manner in which, by means of enharmonic substitution, Mr. L. glides from that key to three sharps. The *substance* of the fifth page deserves decidedly our favourable notice, although we conceive a less plain treatment thereof would have greatly enhanced the effect. The termination of the allegro is spirited. The subject of the waltz movement is pleasing, but not altogether new; and the trio, in imitation of horns, perfectly in character. Of episodic matter the quantum is proportionably small, the subject being frequently repeated. Upon the whole, we think the action of the left hand too plain and confined, especially in the last movement, where the bass almost invariably beats the time by three crotchets.

Duet for two Performers on one Piano-Forte. No. III. from Op. 14; a new Edition, with considerable Improvements, composed by Muzio Clementi. Pr. 4s.

As the host of flimsy compositions of the present day contribute not a little to the neglect of the standard works of Clementi, Dussek, Mozart, &c. we see with pleasure this earnest of a new edition of some of Mr. Clementi's works, and sincerely hope this publication will be succeeded by others of the same description. To some of our readers this beautiful duet in E b is unquestionably familiar; but not

having the first edition at hand, we are precluded from ascertaining and appreciating the alterations.

The sacred Companion for the German Flute, Flageolet, or Violin, being a Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, as sung at all the Churches and Chapels throughout England. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This little volume, which is published by Mr. Hodsoll, will certainly prove acceptable to those for whom it is intended. The collection is copious, the choice proper, and the price very reasonable.

Mozart's favourite Overture to "Il Direttor' della Comedia," adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Violin or Flute and Violoncello (ad lib.) by T. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without accompaniments, 2s.

Although it is not this overture which has rendered the name of Mozart immortal, yet as it presents sufficient traces of his pen, and as, without it, the collection of Mr. Rimbault's arrangements of Mozart's overtures would not have been complete, the attention devoted to the arrangement of this overture must be considered as well bestowed. The piano-forte extract before us is, in every respect, satisfactory, and an aim at executive facility apparent throughout.

A second Set of three celebrated Waltzes, composed by Mozart. Pr. 1s.

These waltzes are pretty enough, and all the objection we have to them is, that they are ascribed to Mozart. To suppose that he gave them the several titles of "The King of Prussia's Waltz," "The Duchess of Oldenburg's Waltz," and "Prince Blücher's Waltz," would be an anachronism; and to encourage a belief that Mozart made them, a deviation from critical veracity.

An Answer to Jessie, the Flow'r of Dumblane, with eight Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Curtis, by J. Mugnié. Pr. 4s.

Mr. Smith's original composition of "Jessie, the Flow'r of Dumblane," has, with some ingenious alterations and inversions, furnished the theme for these variations, which are in Mr. M.'s best style. To mark a few of the most striking features, we notice the able bass evolutions, var. 2; the effective manner in which (var. 4) the theme is consigned to the left hand, first acting alone, and being, on the repetition, supported by repletory passages of the right. No. 5, in the manner of bagpipes, is particularly neat; and the larghetto, var. 7, appears to us the most favoured of all the variations: it discovers great delicacy of musical feeling, coupled with an able display of science and originality. The polacca, No. 8, is well imagined, and marked with great spirit; and the conclusion, *p.* 12, demands distinct mention: it is rich in harmony, and full of the most tasteful energy.

"Harvest-Home," written by the Author of "My Heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee," composed, and most respectfully dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honourable Lady Nugent, by her Ladyship's most obedient humble Servant, W. G. Perry, author of Lilla of Leamington. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of "Harvest-Home"

is pleasing, without exhibiting passages of decided originality or marked effect. The accompaniments appear to us in general appropriate, and, in one or two instances of the left hand, devised with peculiar neatness.

"*The Harbour of Peace,*" *the Words by T. L. Peacock, Esq.; the Music composed, and dedicated to Dr. Crotch, by his pupil,* W. A. Nield. Pr. 1s. 6d.

It affords us sincere pleasure to introduce Mr. N. to our readers by means of this promising specimen of his abilities. The melody of "The Harbour of Peace" is of a serious and plaintive cast, in F minor, and combines true pathetic expression with a creditable display of harmonic science. The accompaniment is chaste and correct, and a few repletive bars of minor parts are more particularly entitled to our unqualified commendation. We also observe with approbation the concluding symphony, the change in the accompaniment at the second stanza, and the transfer of the melody to the major of the key (*p.* 3). All this, and other features of the composition before us, tend to shew that judgment and taste have guided the author's pen. In the latter half of bar 11, *p.* 2, and in the corresponding major one, *p.* 4, there appears some harshness in the melody as well as harmony. The four last quavers a third lower throughout *(mut. mutand.)* would have been preferable, and also more within the generality of voices. The latter half of the introductory symphony (*p.* 1) seems to labour under some defect of rhythm, although we are aware of the licence that is generally used in that respect.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

Of the amusements which support the listless existence of the lounger, the *industrious* curiosity of the *idle*, and those voracious consumers of reputation, the critics, we consider the annual Exhibition at Somerset-House as the most extraordinary that this metropolis presents. Nearly one thousand works of art, the labours of the past year, are regularly laid before the public, the greater part unsold, and (we mention it with regret for the artists) with a prospect of sale for the remainder the most fluctuating and uncertain. This voluntary exertion of taste and talent, contributing, like harvests unreaped, by their decay to future crops, is in the highest degree interesting.

Since we began to assume a character in the arts, this state of exertion, without adequate reward, is the more lamentable and surprising. We have added to our national character, as Mr. Shee has poetically expressed it, "the only wreath unwon before," but neglect the only means of cultivating and preserving it—the effective encouragement of those by whose genius and industry it has been purchased.

In this age, when criticism itself begins to improve by casting off the trammels of manner and fashion, and looking somewhat de-

serving of the authority it assumes, public opinion should also become liberal, and lay aside its prejudices and predilections: it should compare the works of art with their reviews; adopt their merits, and support them. The love of what is antique, and the love of novelty, blind the taste of different classes in society, and cast a doubt over their opinions when judging of works of art. One class will allow no modern merit; the lovers of novelty, not rightly understanding perhaps the unvarying standard of nature, are equally fastidious in their judgment: thus, between both, the artist suffers, and his art declines.

This evil is one that it becomes the honesty of criticism to destroy, by giving way to its first feelings, which are those excited by an intelligent artist, and first experienced by the general observer, before we go to the less agreeable technical examination of the means that produce them. It was said, we believe, by Erasmus, "there never existed an artist so perfect that something might not be found in his productions which was capable of receiving improvement:" and yet, on the other hand, the experience of every day exhibits to us the works of men whose toil is ungraced by a ray of life or genius.

In examining the works in the present annual collection at Somerset-House, we shall adopt the arrangement which appears to us consistent with the proper classification of the art. Of the historical pictures in this Exhibition, the most striking is,

The Raising of Lazarus.—W. Hilton, A.

This picture is unfortunately placed in such a manner, that its shadows lose their power by the reflections from the room; therefore much of the power of the artist is lost. This is the only way we can account for the neglect with which it is passed even by the ladies, whose sensibilities we know are soonest affected by what is really interesting, and who are always quickest in observing nice touches of feeling. The intention of the artist was undoubtedly grand; and the plan of the picture was well contrived to give such an effect, from the large quantity of shadow and partial light it contained: but besides the deteriorating influence of the reflection from the white draperies, &c. continually in the room, we must think there is a defect not only in the size of the principal figure, the Saviour, but also in the expression of the countenance. The artist, having painted it in shadow, shewed a determination to overcome the necessary difficulty attending this part of his work: it was not necessary, however, that he should have made it so flat and colourless; we therefore rather think he has not succeeded, notwithstanding the glare upon it from the room. The Lazarus too, in the neck and shoulder, does not appear to us in a good style of drawing; and the hand is in the most unwarrantably careless style. It is greatly inferior to the *Dead Man restored* in Mr. Allston's picture, some time ago exhibited in the British Gallery. The circumstances that accompany the chief action of this picture are well conceived, and better expressed. In making these observations, we ra-

ther endeavour to account for its great want of public attraction. Perhaps the nature of the subject is one, if not the principal reason. The generality who form the gay scene presented by such a concourse of visitors, where few are disposed to be grave, must, in a great measure, look upon so solemn a subject as too great a check on their spirits to allow of their admiring it. This, which is perhaps a high and tacit compliment to the artist, also affords a proof how unfit such pictures are for a miscellaneous collection, and points out the necessity of setting apart for them a distinct and separate place.

Mauritania.—H. Thomson, R. A.

The composition of this picture, the story of which is taken from Thomson's *Seasons*, is really beautiful, the children in particular. There is an anxiety and spirit in the mother snatching her children to her breast, which is sweetly contrasted by the innocent and helpless sleep of the infant she is about to awaken. This is a tenderness of which Mr. Thomson ever avails himself, and by which he conveys a sentiment to his pictures peculiarly his own. The colour is heavy, except in the left corner of the picture, where the female and children are placed. It has been observed, that the female is fair, while the male figure is black: perhaps this was an oversight of the artist, to which his wish to give variety to the colour of his picture naturally led.

The Punishment of Dirce.—H. Howard, R. A.

We are sometimes pleased with an interesting subject when we feel indifferent towards the picture, and, because it records a deserving fact, overlook the merit and ingenuity by means of which it is recorded. On the other hand, an obscure subject inevitably turns our attention from itself to the pencil or pen which displays it. This is a circumstance, in some degree, to be lamented, as we should rather have our imagination than our criticisms excited by works expressly directed to it. On this principle alone we do not relish this picture of Dirce's Punishment, knowing this artist's power to illustrate the most elegant and poetic subjects in the most correct and classical manner. His picture of the Pleiades, from Milton's description of Morning, was an exquisite specimen of his talents in this respect. In the picture before us, the drawing of the sons, their beauty, strength, and muscular activity, is admirable; while the supplicating attitude of Dirce pathetically appeals to the heart to rescue her from her fate. Elycas and the other figures are also well executed.

Europa.—Benjamin West, P. R. A.

The contributions of the venerable president begin to appear less numerous and interesting at the Academy each successive year. His *Europa*, in the present Exhibition, is secured from observation by the less elevated, but more sparkling beauties which surround it. This venerable chieftain appears to have drawn off his forces from the academic household, and placed them in a more commanding situation in the Gallery at Pall-Mall, where his grave talent is more powerfully felt than in a numerous exhibition like the present.

The Crucifixion.—E. Bird, R. A.

This most excellent artist, since he painted his celebrated picture of *Chevy Chase*, has never deviated from a certain heavy effect in his productions. The gloom he aims at is opaque and dull, not clear and deep; it is unsuccessful colouring. We are eager that this artist should free himself from this sameness, for we admire the peculiar talent for the pathetic in painting which he possesses, without any admixture of monotonous solemnity. We like the picturesque manner in which the thieves are fastened to the cross: no other novelty seemed to strike us in his handling the subject.

The Archangel Michael leaving Adam and Eve, after having conducted them out of Paradise.—T. Phillips, R. A.

This picture has the merit of strong and beautiful colouring. We are surprised that the artist in general circumscribes his powers to portraiture.

The Mother's last Embrace of her infant Moses, previous to placing him in the Ark.—A. Perigal.

This picture is one of this artist's best performances. The character of the female is, however, without dignity: the colouring is in general good; but there is an evident carelessness in the work, which the artist might have avoided.

Diana and her Nymphs bathing.—T. Stothard, R. A.

This is the best performance of this artist in the present Exhibition. It pleased us most for the beauty of the landscape, and the sweet playfulness of the figures.

From the Lady of the Lake.--R. Cook.

This artist has furnished the collection with four pictures taken from the beautiful poem of the *Lady of the Lake*, from the 1st, 2d, 5th, and 6th cantos. They seem well executed; we say *seem*, for, from the low spot in which they are hung, it is impossible that the spectator, who is at all affected by totally bending his head and back from the posture in which nature placed them, can survey those pictures with the smallest satisfaction to himself.

Death of Rutland.—C. Leslie.

This artist is also not much indebted for the situation in which the Academy has placed his picture. In despite of this disadvantage, it appears to be a work of merit in its execution.

The Rabbit on the Wall, a candle-light Amusement: The broken China Jar, or Ghost laid, a Story founded on fact, and painted to illustrate a poem called "The Social Day."—D. Wilkie, R. A.

Of narrative pictures we suppose we must place Mr. Wilkie's two performances in the first rank, although we do not think so highly of them as of his former works. They are in comparison trifling and unimportant; their execution is indeed admirable, and they possess little else.

The Fight interrupted.—W. Mulready, R. A. elect.

This picture is, in every respect, superior to the last: it has far more expression, better drawing, and chaste colouring. It is, in fact, the point of attraction in the great room.

An Argument at the Spring.—W. Collins, A.

This picture is full of interest. The cool, limpid spring, stealing through sedges, is beautifully ex-

pressed. The picturesque ruin, and illuminated stump in a dark wood, excite the most charming rural sensation; it captivates the imagination. This artist's execution cannot be excelled, yet it would be well if he adhered to nature in his trees; they want masses, and look spotty. The left arm of the girl who is about to take the infant, is incorrectly drawn.

Shrimp-Boys at Cromer, by the same artist,

is a beautiful picture. Its sunny breadth and clear shadows are excellent; and perhaps the shadowed part of the road and pool in his *Going to Market*, never was excelled even by himself.

A Circassian Chief selling to a Turkish Pacha Captives of a neighbouring Tribe taken in War.—J. Allen.

This is an interesting and affecting picture. It is extremely well drawn, and, we presume, correct as to costume, but it looks brown in point of colour: however, in this respect it is better than his former works.

Portrait of his Serene Highness the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, &c. &c. —A. E. Chalon.

This picture we rather accidentally discovered where no body indeed could be fairly charged with negligence in overlooking it, among the architectural drawings in the library. We feel ourselves here obliged, in consequence of some illiberal imputations which a part of the public press has been induced to send forth, to make some reference to a circumstance, which we should not otherwise have noticed, relative to the admission of this portrait into the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The Academy, like all other public bodies, has its code of laws and regulations for its own internal management. It is one of the latter, that, after a period to be fixed before each Exhibition, no works shall be admissible. When the portrait of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg was nearly out of the hands of the artist at Brighton, where it was executed, considerable satisfaction was manifested by all the Royal Family at the happy execution of the likeness, and a wish was expressed by several persons of rank who had seen the picture at Brighton, that it should be transferred to the Exhibition at Somerset-House, which was then on the eve of opening. The works for the Exhibition were then sent in, but the brazen tablet of the Academy could not be deformed by an infringement upon any of its provisions. However, H. R. H. the Prince Regent feeling that it would be at that particular moment a gratification to the public to have the picture in the Exhibition, with his Royal Highness's request the Academy of course complied, doubtless from a proper sense of respect, and also from that conviction which the members of the council must have felt, in common with every liberal mind in the community, that a deviation from rule in a particular instance and under circumstances so peculiarly interesting, and, above all, so unlikely of recurrence, never could be drawn forth as a precedent for a future claim, any more than that the exception to a general rule could grammatically imply the non-existence or abolition of the rule itself. Such is the short his-

tory of this transaction, which we trust cannot, by any misconception or misrepresentation, be productive of erroneous impressions. The artist who executed the work, and the individual concerned in the speculation of the print, were least of all interested in having it placed in a crowd of pictures, among which (as is the fact) it is wholly overlooked. We have no doubt, that, in the opinion of either of those, the best situation for the picture would have been under their own immediate care, and where subscriptions were daily receiving for the print then in hand. We do not concur with those who attach blame to the Academy for not inserting the picture in the catalogue (which it is said might have been done), nor for the place which they allotted to it after its admission; for, from the character of the parties concerned, we are most willing to believe, that both circumstances were accidental. After these observations, we, who are immediately concerned in the proprietorship of the work, shall of course say little of the portrait itself: it is before the public, and of its merits let the public judge. We have already stated the satisfaction of those most interested in its character and execution: the likeness is universally admitted to be most happily caught by the artist; the countenance is soft, and expressive of reserve and mildness, some would think of gravity. The prints from this picture, and of corresponding dimensions, will shortly appear.

The same artist has executed, and is now exhibiting at R. Ackermann's, 101, Strand, a *Portrait of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte,* of exactly the same size and dimensions, from which a corresponding print will be immediately taken.

A Scene from Don Quixotte—the Landscape by J. J. Chalon: *Sancho Panza delivering the Message from the Knight to the Duchess.*—A. E. Chalon, R. A. elect.

The colouring of this picture is carried rather to a brilliant excess. The female figures possess much grace and beauty of expression.

Morning—Boar-Hunting in the East Indies.—J. Ward, R. A.

Mr. Ward's representations of hunts are admirable, no man ever drew horses in action better. His colouring and execution are of equal merit with his drawing.

The Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius restored.—View of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the Island of Ægina, with the Greek national Dance of the Romaika, the Acropolis of Athens in the distance.—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

These are two very fine pictures by this eminent artist: the former one is particularly beautiful; its colouring is forcible, and the composition varied by tastefully contrasted lines. To those accustomed to English landscape, these pictures may seem overcharged; but the artist conveys the idea of another and a more luxurient climate, a clearer atmosphere, and a fragrant air. The figures, as usual, are coarsely painted, but delicately and spiritedly conceived. We were particularly struck with the joyous figure striking the cymbals, and with two others dancing in the procession.

Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still upon Gibeon.—J. Martin.

Like the fine passages in a long and tedious poem, we sometimes

light upon a picture in the Exhibition that relieves us from the toilsome task of looking at the well-painted portraits of ordinary men, the common-place scenery of every day landscape, and historic pictures that look like the shadows of kings, "that the semblance of kingly crowns have on." In nothing does genius display itself more than in the sensibility it shows in choosing its subject, and in the comprehensive grasp which it embraces. Of this last class we do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Martin's *Joshua*. It arrests the imagination, first by the grandeur of the subject, and next by supporting its elevation with all the pomp of circumstances. The lofty and superb city, the troops advancing in admirable lines from the gates and mingling in the bustling fight below, the wildness of the distant scene, and the dreadful vengeance that Heaven discloses and is about to inflict on the flying enemy, display an original and poetical power over the subject, that stamps it the undoubted work of a man of genius. In looking at this work as a whole, we see too many exalted beauties, to protect the artist from any observation on some imperfect colouring, and a few other defects which may be found in the picture.

The Entrance to the Port of London. —A. W. Callcott, R. A.

This tranquil sunny effect in the most busy scene in the world, is accompanied with those sensations that the place itself excites. To say, as has been said, that it is more like Cuyp than nature, is not true, and to say it is not like both, would be so likewise; but to say, that even the Marquis of Stafford's Cuyp, which it most resembles, is equal to it, would be unjust also. Of this species of style we think this the very best picture we ever saw, in point of colour, composition, drawing, and brilliancy of daylight; in those it has no equal.

Morning in Italy.—W. Allston.

This is a deep-toned and well-coloured picture. The artist has powers of a higher order than subjects like this are calculated to elicit.

The Wheat-Field.—J. Constable.

From extreme carelessness this artist has gone to the other extreme, and now displays the most laboured finish.

The Captivity.—G. Arnald, A.

This artist is a good landscape-painter, but no poet, as his *Babylonish Captivity* proves.

A Scene from Cymon and Iphigenia of Boccacio; the Figures by F. Stothard, R. A.—J. C. Hofland.

By the joint labours of these artists a good picture has been produced. We must prefer, however, Mr. Hofland's *landscape*: it has more of the symptoms of nature in it.

Knights of the Bath going to be installed.—F. Nash.

This artist's drawings are deservedly admired for their truth and force. From this painting a very spirited print has been engraved, as a companion to the Installation.

PORTRAITS.

Among the portraits in this Exhibition, that of *Lady Wigram* by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is the finest piece of nature, colour, relief, and finish, we have ever seen. Sir Wm. Beechey, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Jackson have also some excellent

ones. Mr. Mouchet's portrait of *Mr. Jones* is also most expressive.

Among the female contributions we were particularly struck with *The Death of Abel.*—Vide Gesner's *Death of Abel.*—Mrs. Ansley.

This work is a bold and spirited effort of female talent. Of course, the necessity of painting without models almost precludes a lady from the possibility of a very correct imitation: yet, from the correctness of many parts of the figures in the picture before us, we cannot persuade ourselves, that Mrs. Ansley neglects altogether so essential a practice. The colouring is rather heavy, but the execution is particularly free.

Mrs. C. Long has also two small and well-coloured sketches taken in France. Her trees are extremely pretty, and her landscapes simple and natural.

SCULPTURE-ROOM.

This room is, as usual, well stocked with busts: but as we devoted but little to the portraits of our painters, we shall be equally brief with the busts of our sculptors, and content ourselves with saying, that some of them, by Mr. Chantry, Mr. Nollekens, Mr. Turnerelli, &c. are well executed; and the remainder will, we dare say, answer the purpose for which they were intended, by sufficiently gratifying the vanity of those good folks who ordered them.

A Monumental Basso Relievo.—J. Flaxman, R. A.

This is a fine specimen of the perfection which belongs to the sculptor's art. The subject, if we mistake not, belongs to real life, and relates to one of those melancholy incidents which embitter the human mind, by the visitation of heavy calamity. It refers to the sudden death of a father in a boat while sailing with his daughter. The sculptor has described the circumstance with the affecting interest that belonged to it. He has represented the interesting female with an expression and attitude of mingled fear and astonishment, supporting her weak and languid parent with all the affection of filial piety. The length of the boat is well filled up by the position of the boatman, who struggles to reach the shore with all that anxiety that the calamity which he witnesses is calculated to excite.

Figure of Truth and Temperance—Model for a Group in the national Monument to the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.—R. Westmacott, R. A.

These figures are draped with simplicity and taste; they are finely proportioned, and the attitudes display great dignity.

Achilles contending with Scamander.—E. H. Bailey.

Our classical readers need not be informed that this subject is taken from the 21st book of Homer's *Iliad*, and the artist has, in the execution of the work, presented his justification for having undertaken the difficult task of embodying in sculptural form the fire of the poet's fancy. The figures are naked. In the activity and strength of the figure of Achilles he has, with fidelity, personified the boldness and power of the hero; while in the fine harmony of lines which his attitude contains, he has comminlged the youth and beauty which belong to the poet's glowing de-

scription of his personal attributes. To the front of Achilles, he has contrasted the powerful and muscular back of Scamander with fine effect, particularly in the bending of his body to avoid the blow. The vacant space occasioned by the stride of the former, is happily filled up by shewing the head and breast of one of the drowned heroes. This is one of the most poetical works we have seen in marble for a considerable time.

Prometheus chained on Mount Caucasus, where a Vulture was sent by Jupiter to prey upon his Liver.—J. Hiffernan.

This is another classical production, which does credit to (we understand) a young artist. His object appears evidently to have been, to shew a naked athletic figure in fine proportions. The anatomical parts are accurately and freely defined; nor would they have suffered in this respect, had the body been supplied with a little more plumpness.

Eve entreating Forgiveness of Adam. This group obtained the gold medal, &c. in the Royal Academy.—S. Joseph.

These figures possess exquisite grace and beauty: the attitude and expression of Eve are truly pathetic and interesting.

WOOD'S REMAINS OF BALBEC AND PALMYRA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY, &c.

SIR,——As a subscriber to your most elegant and valuable publication, *The Repository of Arts, &c.* I take the liberty of pointing out an inaccuracy in No. III. of your New Series for March last, page 130. It is there stated, that "Adam, whose publication of his discoveries at Balbec and Palmyra had recommended him to some of our nobility," &c. &c.

I did not notice this inaccuracy to you at the time, taking for granted, that it would have been noticed and corrected in your subsequent number; but so far from that being the case, I find the same erroneous statement repeated in your last number for the present month, page 254, in the following words, viz. "About the middle of the last century, Adam, Stuart, and Rivett (N. B. *Revett*, not Rivett,) visited the remains of Grecian art. Adam, by the publication of his discoveries at Palmyra and Balbec, affected at least an improvement," &c. &c.

By the above repetition, it is clear that the author of the Architectural Review in your *Repository* lies under a decided error; and, if he will take the trouble of ascertaining the fact, he will find that *Wood published Palmyra in* 1753, *and Balbec in* 1757; and that Adam never published any work on Palmyra or Balbec. Adam's only work, I believe, on ancient architecture, is *The Description of the Ruins of Dioclesian's Palace at Spalatro, in Dalmatia;* and, I believe, he also published one volume of his architectural works, executed by him in this country.

The interest I take in the correctness of your valuable *Repository*, will, I hope, be my apology for the liberty I take in noticing this misstatement, and in entering into so many particulars for that purpose.

X. Y. Z.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 33.—BRIDAL DRESS.

A FROCK of striped French gauze over a white satin slip: the bottom of the frock is superbly trimmed with a deep flounce of Brussels lace, which is surmounted by a single tuck of byas white satin and a wreath of roses; above the wreath are two tucks of byas white satin. We refer our readers to our print for the form of the body and sleeve: it is singularly novel and tasteful, but we are forbidden either to describe it, or to mention the materials of which it is composed. The hair is dressed low at the sides, and parted so as to entirely display the forehead: it is ornamented with an elegant aigrette of pearls in front, and a sprig of French roses placed nearly at the back of the head. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of pearl. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers.

We have to thank Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, Burlington Gardens, for both our dresses this month; and we must observe, that the one we have just described, is a wedding-dress which she has recently finished for a young lady of high distinction.

PLATE 34.—EVENING DRESS.

This dress is composed of white lace, and worn over a rich white soft satin slip; the skirt is finished round the bottom by a deep flounce of lace, and three narrow byas satin tucks, which are surmounted by a wreath of beautiful fancy flowers. The body and sleeves are peculiarly elegant and novel; a satin front, which forms the shape in an easy and becoming style, is ornamented at each side with a light embroidery of flowers, and finished with bows of ribbon. The sleeve, for which we must refer our readers to the print, is, we think, the most tasteful that has been lately introduced. The hair is parted so as partially to display the forehead, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of diamonds. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers richly embroidered in coloured silks. A rich white lace scarf is thrown carelessly over the left shoulder, and partially shades one side of the neck.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

THE marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales has drawn together so great a number of the nobility and gentry, that London at this moment may be justly styled the emporium of fashion and taste. The lightest materials are now adopted for the elegant promenade costume: for the early morning walk, however, we must observe, that pelisses of green sarsnet, trimmed with the same material, and made as described in our last number, are still high in estimation with *belles* of taste. They are generally worn with a Leghorn bonnet of the French form, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and ornamented with

intermixed plumes of green and straw colour; the edge of the front is finished by a rich straw-colour silk trimming. Owing probably to the very high price of Leghorn bonnets, they are now more fashionable than we remember them to have been for some seasons.

Pelisses of book and sprigged muslin are lined with slight coloured sarsnets, and trimmed with a profusion of white lace. The most elegant one we have observed, was trimmed round with a fulness of muslin, which was nearly half a quarter in breadth, and confined, at regular distances of rather more than half a quarter, by a rich letting-in lace, each fulness drawn so as to form a small festoon, which is trimmed round the fronts and bottom of the skirt by a flounce of white lace. The body is slightly drawn at the bottom of the waist, which is finished by silk ornaments on each hip, and a cordon to correspond with the lining. There is no collar, but a small white lace cap. The half sleeve corresponds with the trimming, which has, we think, a very formal appearance. There is a very pretty cuff, composed of letting-in lace, and edged with narrow lace. The favourite colours for lining muslin pelisses, are evening primrose, sapphire blue, wild rose, and straw colour.

Satin, sarsnet, and French spotted silk scarfs, are also in requisition for the promenade; they are worn with straw, chip, and white satin bonnets and hats, in the shape of which we observe nothing particularly novel. Feathers are still the most prevalent ornament; but for satin hats, flowers are also considered very elegant. The Coburg hat, composed of white net over white satin, is particularly elegant; the net is placed with an easy fulness over the crown, and divided into puffings, round the top of the crown, by very narrow bands of byas white satin; similar bands are very tastefully placed round the middle of the crown. The edge of the front corresponds with the edge of the crown, and is ornamented with a wreath and bouquet of lilac. The form of this hat is a little in the French style, but by no means unbecomingly so.

White lace scarfs, and white lace mantles, the latter lined with white satin, and richly trimmed with lace, are considered most fashionable in carriage costume. White satin spencers and pelisses are, however, adopted by many *belles* of taste: the latter are trimmed round with net half a quarter deep, laid on full, and the fulness divided in various fanciful ways by a slight chenille trimming: this fulness is sometimes interspersed with bows of narrow white satin ribbon, and the pelisse is edged round with narrow blond.

We observe that pelisses, spencers, and indeed all high dresses, continue to be worn very broad in the back, short in the waist, and low on the shoulder. The backs of the most fashionable have a slight fulness at the bottom of the waist, and the sleeve is set in in a manner at once novel and extremely becoming to the shape: the front is so contrived as to form a half sleeve, sometimes in points, sometimes in the form of a shell, which being made without any seam on the shoulder, adds considerably to the ease of the shape.

White lace and white satin caps are the head-dresses most prevalent in the carriage costume: the Charlotte cap, composed of white satin and lace, and the cap *à la paysanne*, composed of white lace only, are equally fashionable. The first is a round shape, rather high, a caul composed of white lace, over which is placed three folds of satin edged with lace; these folds are brought to a point in front, where they terminate in a rich white lace rosette, in which is stuck a sprig of French roses. The cap *à la paysanne* is a small French mob, ornamented with ribbons only, and trimmed with narrow lace.

Plain and sprigged muslin, white sarsnet and spotted silk, and slight plain and striped sarsnets, are all worn in dinner costume. We see with pleasure that dinner dress is now made with a strict regard to delicacy: the bodies are either sufficiently high all round to shade the bosom, or else a small lace tippet, which comes about half way to the throat, is worn with a low body. Frocks are entirely exploded. Coloured bodies are very prevalent; they are in general worn with white lace long sleeves. The favourite trimmings are, white lace, blond, or plain net; the latter is much worn in puffings round the bottom: ribbon, which is disposed in bows, rolls, and in various other tasteful ways, is also very much worn. The skirts of dresses are much fuller than they were, but they still continue a walking length. Muslin bodies are let in with a profusion of lace, and the shape is in general formed by letting-in lace: where the sleeve is long, it is very full at the top of the shoulder, and this fulness is confined by a letting-in, put so as to form a very pretty half sleeve.

Never in our recollection we the materials for full dress so various, tasteful, and magnificent as at the present moment. Gold and silver tissue, and gauze crape embroidered in gold, silver, or coloured silks, and gold or silver lama on net (which last is higher than any thing else in estimation), present an appearance so striking and superb, that the British *belle* dressed for an evening party, reminds us of the heroines of the Arabian tales. It is unnecessary to enter into any description of the form of evening dress, as we have given the two most elegant in our prints of this month.

The hair continues to be dressed nearly in the same style as last month, but rather lighter on the forehead. Feathers placed at the back of the head, and diamond or pearl ornaments in front, are generally adopted for full dress. Some very youthful *belles* give the preference to artificial flowers, but we observe they are only partially worn.

In half dress, small lace caps continue to be worn; but some *élégantes* twist a white lace handkerchief through the hair, suffer the ends to fall in the neck, and place a sprig of artificial flowers at the side.

Full-dress jewellery is now composed either of diamonds or pearls: coloured stones, intermixed either with diamonds or pearls, are wholly exploded. Sapphires, amethysts, and topazes are partially worn; but then the necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets must be composed wholly of the same gems.

In half-dress jewellery, white cor

..elian, intermixed with gold, is very -revalent, and has an extremely ..egant appearance: plain gold or-.. ents are also worn; they are ..n..hed with a degree of neatness ..d elegance which ought to pre-..nt us from encouraging French ..ellery.

..Full dress slippers are not so high .. the instep as last month; the ..aterials of which they are com-po..ed continue the same.

White kid, or stout French silk sandals, to correspond with the dress, are highest in estimation in the carriage costume. Boots, the fore part of kid, and the hind of French silk, are most fashionable for the promenade.

Fashionable colours for the month are, green of all the lighter shades, e..ening primrose, sapphire blue, pale blush colour, and straw colour.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 32.—DINING-ROOM WINDOW-CURTAIN AND SIDEBOARD.

THE annexed plate represents a portion of a dining-room, containing designs of a sideboard, and other appendages to this apartment. A recess, circular at each end, is formed to receive the sideboard; which does not, therefore, curtail the length of the room, and so proportions the pannel as to receive a glass of moderate dimensions, over which is an appropriate tablet of figures. A cellaret is beneath, and candelabrum on each side. The curtain is of a very simple construction, being passed over the pole, from which it falls and terminates in a figured and fringed border.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

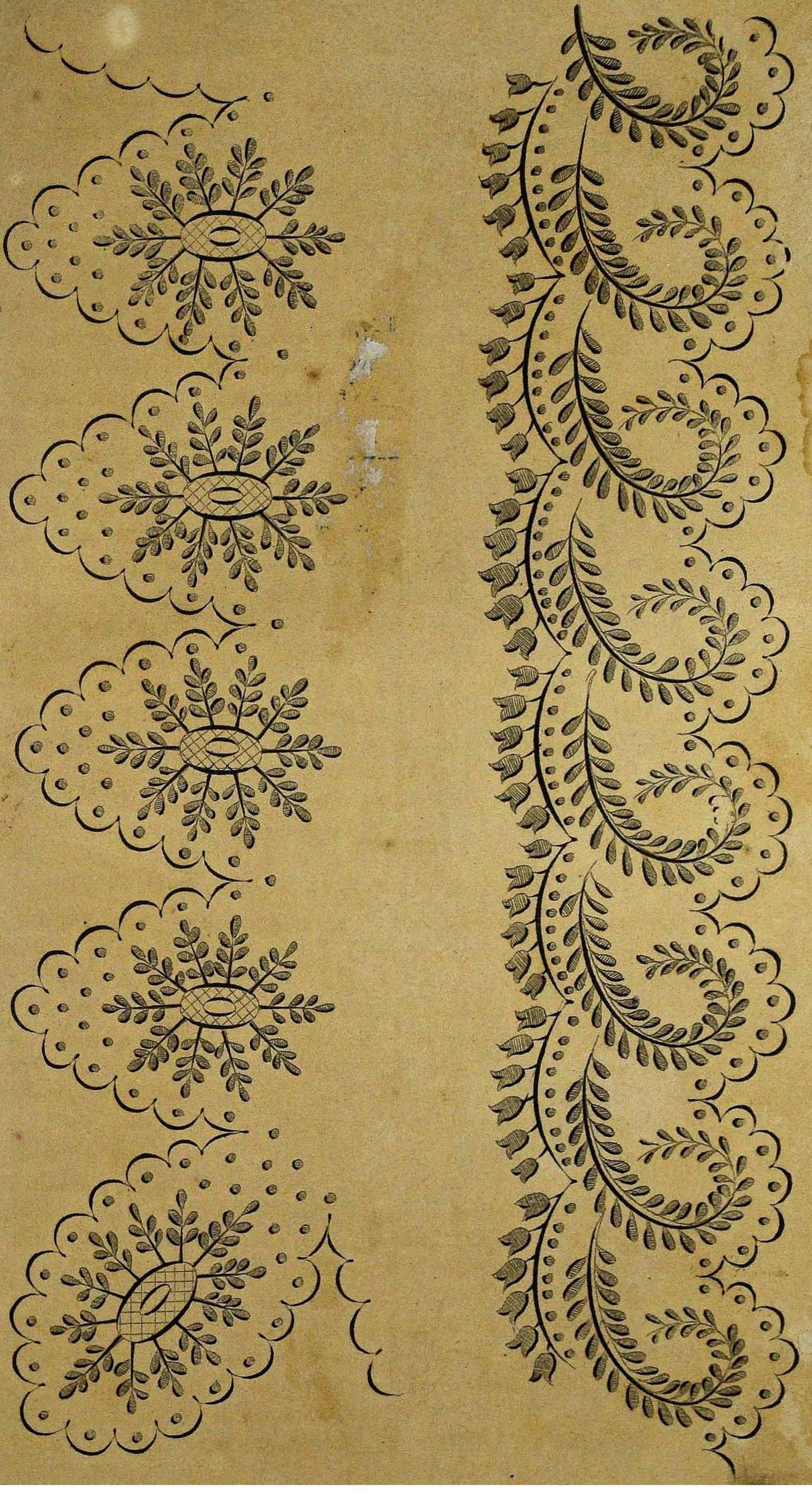
DR. HUGHSON, the historian, is engaged, at the express desire of the Lord Mayor, on a work relative to the *Privileges of London and Southwark*, as specified and confirmed by charters, statutes, customs, &c. Since Dr. H.'s laborious investigation on these subjects, the inhabitants of Southwark have been extremely desirous of ascertaining the validity of those privileges which the corporation of London claim to exercise in that district, as is evinced by their reestablishing various courts of record in that borough. Of this work only a limited number will be printed.

A new novel, entitled *Strathallen*, from the pen of Miss Lefanu, will appear early in June. The work is well known in the fashionable circles, and is written with considerable vivacity and much knowledge of life: the characters are well drawn, and delicately discriminated.

Early in June will be published, part I. of the *Pomona Britannica*, being a collection of specimens of the most esteemed fruits at present cultivated in this country, by G. Brookshaw, Esq.

Sir Cuthbert Sharp, F. S. A. will publish in the course of the present month, a *History of Hartlepool*, in the county of Durham.

A translation of the *Memoirs of*



the Marquise de la Roche Jaquelin is in the press.

Mr. Archibald Campbell has in the press, *A Voyage round the World, from* 1806 *to* 1812, in which the author visited the Japan, Kamtschatka, Aleutian, and Sandwich Islands; including a narrative of his shipwreck on the Island of Sannaek, and subsequently in the ship's long boat.

Mr. C. J. Bertuch, of Weimar, in his *Geographische Ephemeriden*, gives the following particulars of the writer, whose travels have just been published under the name of *Ali Bey*:—"He is a Spaniard by birth, whose real name is Don Domingo Badia y Leblich, of the military profession, and since his return to his native country has been promoted to the rank of general. His travels contain so much that is extraordinary and romantic, that I should be tempted to consider him as an adventurer, were I not personally acquainted with him, had I not received an account of him previously to his departure on his expedition, and had I not lately conversed with him here at Weimar on his tour through Germany. In the year 1804 I informed the public, that two literary Spaniards, Don Simon Roxas Clemente and Don Domingo Badia, had received orders from King Charles IV. to proceed to Africa, for the purpose of exploring that country. The former declined an expedition attended with so many difficulties: Don Domingo, however, persevered, and prepared himself for it so completely, that he not only acquired the greatest fluency in the Arabic and Turkish languages, but even submitted in London, in his thirty-sixth year, to the operation of circumcision, adopted the Turkish name of Ali Bey el Abassi, together with the manners and religion of the Mohammedans; so that he was enabled to travel without danger through all Africa and Arabia in the character of a Turk of quality, who had resided for a considerable time in Europe. He purposely selected the name of Ali Bey, because it is one of the most common in Barbary; indeed he told me, that at Cairo he had once dined with a party in which were thirteen Ali Beys; and the surname of el Abassi was designed to produce a notion, that he was of the family of the Abassides, or descendants of Mohammed (a collateral branch of the Prophet's family, which is widely spread in the East), to procure him access to the great in the Turkish empire, and to excite respect in the vulgar. This mask was indispensably necessary to the success of his design; and during his five years' peregrinations, Don Domingo acted the part of a Turk of distinction, and a descendant of the Prophet, with such address, as to secure to him the most important results. On his return to Europe, finding that the government of his country had been overthrown during his absence, he resided partly in Paris and partly in London, engaged solely in preparing his travels for the press; and in 1814 came to Weimar to consult me respecting the publication of a German edition of them. In his letters, several of which I have from him in French, he commonly styles himself General Badia."

Poetry.

THE MASK OF MERLIN, *or* TITANIA'S VISIT:

ON THE RECENT ROYAL MARRIAGE.

By ALICIA LEFANU, Grand-daughter of the late THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M. author of "Rosara's Chain," "The Sylphid Queen," &c. &c.

PROUDEST morn of golden spring,
Wake to joy the trembling string,
Crown with pomp and festive lay
England's solemn holiday!
Shall *my* faltering touch aspire,
Wandering wild, to wake the lyre?
Yes!—*One* name, with potent charm,
Scorn shall quell, reproach disarm:
While I sing the royal bride,
England's flower, and England's pride,
Love shall bid my labour live,
Critic zeal each fault forgive.

Far remote, in Cambrian vale,
(Fancy's spirits tell the tale,)
Still that ancient wizard dwells,
Merlin of the mystic spells;
Cambria's weal his latest prayer,
Cambria's princes still his care.
Soon as dawns their nuptial hour,
Summon'd by his wand of power,
Mark Titania's pygmy train
Lightly press the emerald plain.
Swift, around your sovereign spread
Crown imperial's tented shade!
In its golden bells is seen
Verge enough for fairy queen:
Flower-de-luce's velvet grain
Lends her robe its Tyrian stain;
Fairy gems, above, below,
In her zone and crownlet glow.

'Twas when Maia's genial power
Wakes the harebell in its bower,
O'er the bank and o'er the meads
Violet-woven tapestry spreads,
On THAT day, to England dear,
Bright Titania, hovering near,
Arm'd with word, and arm'd with spell,
Last approach'd the wizard's cell.—
"Asks, my lord," she smiling said,
"Gifts to grace the royal maid?
Lo! Titania flies to shower
Blessings on her bridal hour.
Lo!—but on the murmuring gale
Mark what forms majestic sail!
Hark! what voices meet mine ear;
Distant now, now sweetly near!"
Yes, 'tis he who rules the air,
Merlin plans the pageant fair;
Plann'd, blest power! thy grace to win—
See Titania's masque begin.
Swift, the cave's eternal night,
Changing, flash'd unearthly light:
Nodding groves and rocks around,
Bards and oak-wreath'd Druids crown'd;
While above the printless glade
Wander'd many a shadowy maid:
Thee, Britannia's hope! on thee
Dwelt each soul-taught harmony.
"Hark!" a bard enraptur'd sung,
"Sounds by Taliessin rung,
Sounds of power—your meaner praise
Fades before HER conquering lays."—
"Lo!" a sterner Druid cried,
"Sacred lore, to us denied,
Lore of every clime and age,
Paints her mind's illumin'd page."—
Last in order, hand in hand,
Softly moved a beauteous band:
Charity, with downcast mien,
Glances o'er the shadowy scene;
Cheerfulness, with smiling eye,
Grace, and princely Courtesy;
Every generous Virtue mild,
Hastes to claim her favourite child;
Bids each spot her steps have prest,
Tell why Charlotte's name is blest!

Slowly closed their mystic strain,
Fair Titania speaks again:—
"Blest the youth, propitious Fate,
Smiling, names her destin'd mate.
Waft him soon, ye vernal gales!
Haste, expand the jocund sails!
Vain our care!—A lover's speed,
Lighter, swifter sails shall spread.
His the prize, the loveliest gem
Shrined in England's diadem!"

Ceased the queen: along the sky
Burst a prouder melody.
Druid hands the chords are sweeping,
Gifted bards the measure keeping;
Swelling, deepening, mingling all,
On mine ear these wild notes fall:—

"Is there a land where heroes rest?
Where is the warrior's meed prepared?
Mark! far beyond the golden west
Bright glory's deathless fane is rear'd.
No mortal hands the goodly structure framed;
No mortal tongue the sacred temple named.

"There, pinnacle, and dome, and spire,
Each varied hue of fading light
Adorns, when sinks the solar fire,
Curtain'd in clouds to vulgar sight;
Clouds, that the spirits' airy robe compose,
Who flutter round on wings of sapphire and of rose.

"Attendant spirits—to gifted eye
They ope the jasper-pillar'd hall,
Where, throned in godlike majesty,
Sparkles along the statued wall
Each hero's form, in purest diamond wrought,
Who honour's steep ascent through danger's path has sought.

"Their laurel crowns the spirits fair
Bathe in the stream of life and fame;
But chief, *his* image boasts their care,
Hail'd with deliverer's holier name,
When Brussels shouted through her trembling domes,
'Courage, my country! England's Arthur comes!'

"Still louder praise the royal hand,
For him prepare a brighter wreath,
Whose justice drew th' avenging brand,
Whose mercy knew that brand to sheathe;
Ev'n then, when victory flush'd the warrior's brow,
Bade concord's dearer bliss from George's fiat flow.

"And thou, bright fair! in happiest time
Accorded to a nation's prayers,
What deeds of generous worth sublime
Have train'd thee from thy earliest years,
To scan, undazzled, glory's proudest height,
As eaglets teach their gaze to brave the solar light!

"Blest the parent, blest the child,
Who in home-found pleasures mild,
(Quell'd their country's haughty foes,)
Change the laurel for the rose!
Be this thought your bliss and pride,
Bliss to humbler loves denied:
Yours the joys, and yours the cares,
England mourns, or England shares."

Thus my bold, yet trembling tongue,
Druid lays would fain have sung;
But be still, presumptuous lyre!
Had thy chords those notes of fire
Waked by her, who, shrined above,
Warbles now of heavenly love,
(She who late, in sweetest lays,
Tuned immortal Psyche's praise,)
Minstrel of my native land!
Guided by thy influence bland,
Verse should paint, in life-tints warm,
Love's reward, and beauty's charm.
No! ah, no! her magic strain
Vain my hope to raise again—
As when erst Erminia stray'd,
Clad like Salem's warrior maid,
Feebler powers, and wild alarms,
Shamed too soon Clorinda's arms.

Seldom round a female head
Twines the laurel's graceful shade:
There let milder myrtle's bloom
Waft its soft and meek perfume.
Cease, my lyre!—unseen, unknown,
Long, too long, I've waked thy tone;
Long, too long, aspired to raise
Notes untaught, of artless praise.
Oh, how favour'd! should the toil
Win one bright approving smile,
One benignant glance obtain—
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